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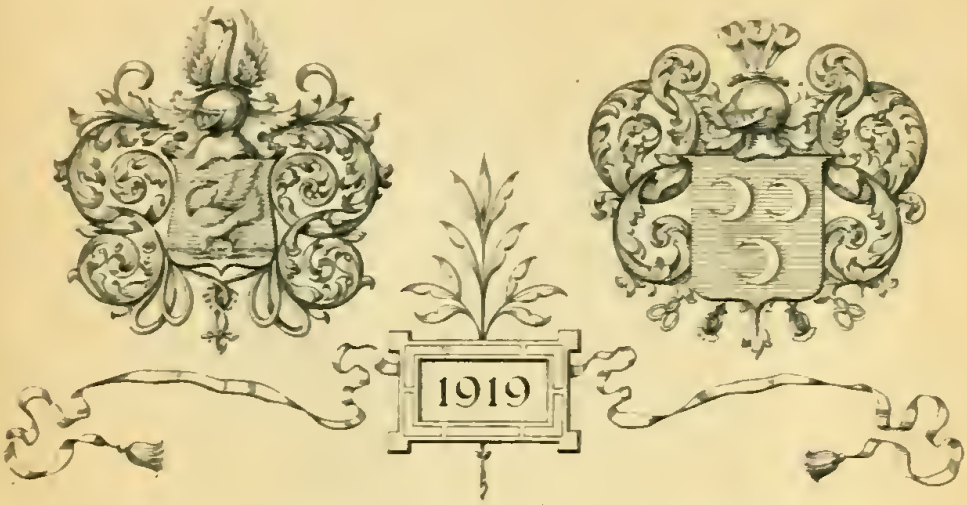

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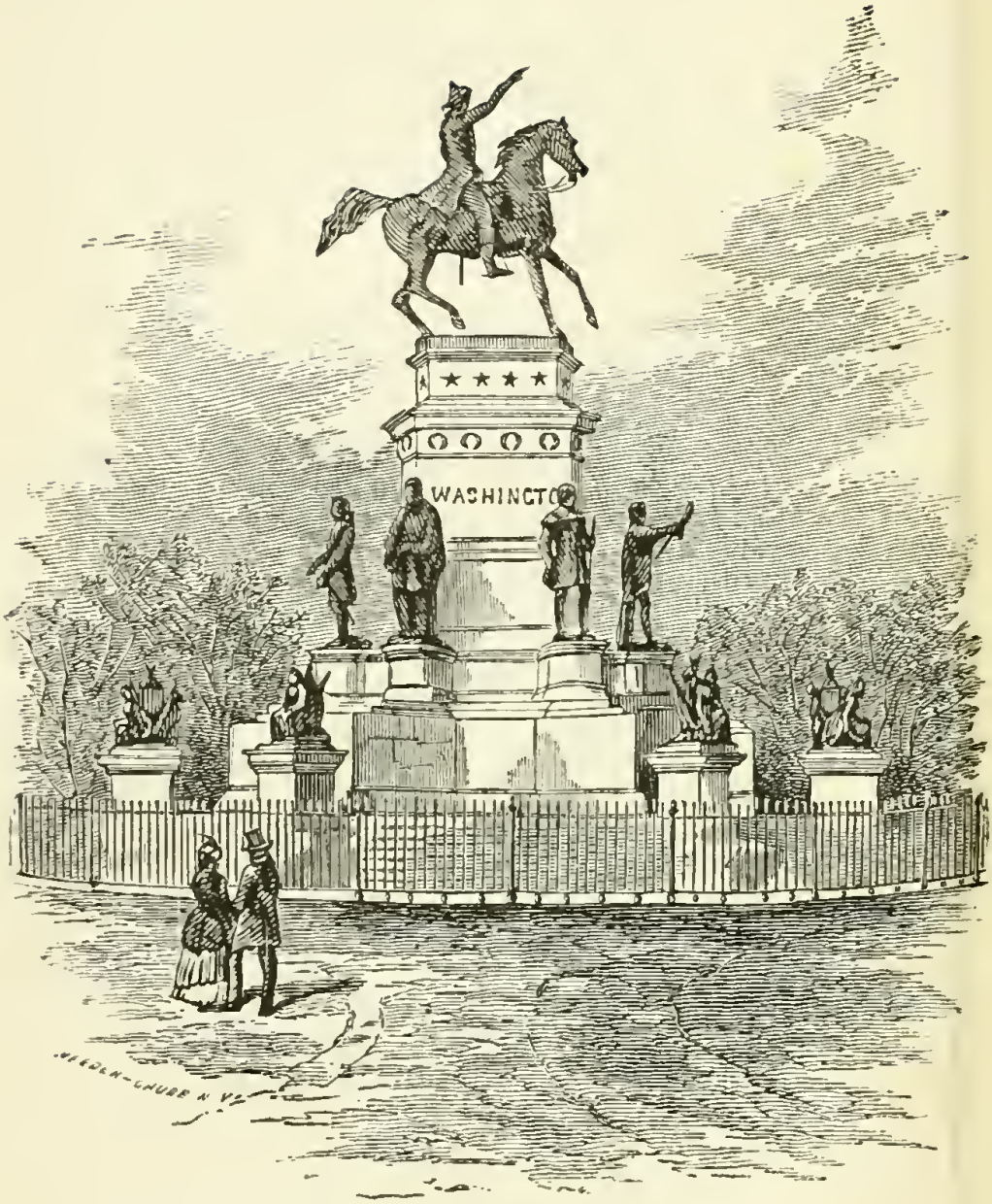


WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

McCarthy, Carlton

Walks about Richmond

A STORY FOR BOYS,

AND

A GUIDE TO PERSONS VISITING THE CITY,

DESIRING TO SEE THE

PRINCIPAL POINTS OF INTEREST,

WITH

AN INDEX

SHOWING THE

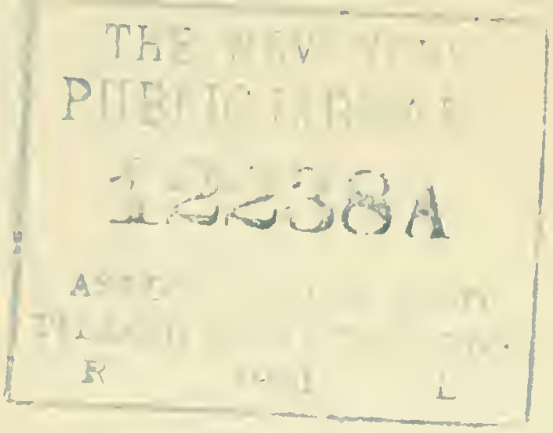
EXACT LOCATION

OF

EACH POINT MENTIONED.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

RICHMOND, VA.:
McCARTHY & ELLYSON.
1870.



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INDEX

Showing Points of Interest Mentioned, with their Exact Location.

Armory Bridge, at foot of Fifth Street.

Gamble's Hill, south end of Fourth Street.

Tredegar Iron Works, on Canal, between it and the River, just above the Armory.

Belle Isle, James River, about three quarters of a mile above the city, accessible only from the south side, but visible from the Canal bank.

National Cemetery, Williamsburg Road, three miles southeast of Richmond.

Pump House, or Water Works, on J. R. & K. Canal, one mile from the city.

Richmond College, western terminus of Broad Street.

Alms House, north end of Third Street.

Shockoe Hill Cemetry, north end of Third Street.

Davis Mansion, corner of Leigh and Twelfth Streets.

Mechanicsville, head of Turnpike which enters

the city at the intersection of Nineteenth and Venable Streets.

Richmond Female Institute, Tenth between Marshall and Clay Streets.

Washington Monument, Capitol Square.

Capitol Square, entrances Ninth and Grace and Capitol and Tenth Streets.

Broad Street Methodist Church, corner Tenth and Broad Streets.

First Presbyterian Church, corner Tenth and Capitol Streets.

Clay's, (Henry) Statue, Capitol Square.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, corner Ninth and Grace Streets.

State Capitol, Capitol Square.

Governor's Mansion, Capitol Square.

Church Hill, east end of Broad Street.

Monumental Church (Episcopal), Broad, between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets.

St. John's Church (Episcopal), Church-hill, corner Broad and Twenty-fourth Streets.

Libby's Hill, extreme south end of Twenty-Ninth Street, and east end Main.

Chimborazo, extreme east end of Broad Street, overlooking Rocketts.

Oakwood Cemetery, Blakey's Mill Road, one mile from the city.

Drewry's Bluff, James River below Richmond eight miles.

Libby Prison, corner Twentieth and Cary Streets.

Castle Thunder, Cary between Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets.

Old Stone House, Main between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets.

Mayo's Bridge, foot of Fourteenth Street, crossing the James River.

Manchester, south side of James River, opposite Richmond, Virginia.

Cotton and Woollen Mills, south end Mayo's Bridge, Manchester.

Gallego Mills, south end of Twelfth Street, foot of Canal Basin.

Haxalls' Mills, River Bank, continuation of Twelfth Street, south end.

Ruins of Warwick and Barksdale's Mill, the largest flour mill of the world, Twelfth Street, one square beyond Cary, south.

Danville Railroad Bridge and Depot, south end of Virginia, or Thirteenth Street.

Rocketts, extreme eastern portion of the city, near the river.

Mayo's Warehouse, Fourteenth Street and River Bank.

Ballard House, Fourteenth and Franklin Streets.

Flower Garden, west end of Grace Street.

General Lee's Residence, Franklin between Seventh and Eighth Streets.

Ruins of United Presbyterian Church, corner Franklin and Eighth Streets.

Spotswood Hotel, corner Eighth and Main Streets.

Ruins of the Confederate War Department, Ninth between Main and Franklin Streets.

Post office, Main between Tenth and Eleventh Streets.

Custom House, Main between Tenth and Eleventh Streets.

President Davis' office, Main between Tenth and Eleventh Streets.

Confederate Treasury, Main between Tenth and Eleventh Streets.

Confederate Congress, Capitol Building.

Old Market House, corner Main and Seventeenth Streets.

The Reservoir, western terminus City Railway, near Hollywood Cemetery.

Camp Lee, old Fair Grounds, west end of Broad Street, (continuation one mile from city.)

Theatre, corner Broad and Seventh Streets.

Richmond Medical College, corner College

(which is an extension north of Fourteenth,) and Marshall Streets.

Old African Church, corner Broad and Fourteenth or College Streets.

First Baptist Church, corner Twelfth and Broad Streets.

Marshall's Residence, corner Marshall and Ninth Streets.

Bushrod Washington's Law Office, Ninth Street, in rear of St. Paul's Church, between Grace and Franklin Streets.

Petersburg Railroad Bridge, foot of Eighth Street, crossing the James River.

Ruins of Paper Mill, Eighth Street and River.

Tunnel Gamble's Hill, on Byrd Street from Fourth to Second.

Penitentiary (State Prison) south end of First Street, visible from Gamble's Hill.

Each of the first five chapters of this book lays out a walk. A stranger following the course laid out will see all the most interesting points in the city, and in passing from one point to another will necessarily pass through the most beautiful portions of it.

The Map of the City shows the direction of the streets to be, those numbered North and South, those named East and West.

WALKS ABOUT RICHMOND.

I.

"UNCLE FRED, do you remember your promise, to commence soon our walks about Richmond?"

"They shall commence this afternoon. We dine at two o'clock; suppose we start immediately after dinner?"

"Where shall we go, uncle?"

"I think a good route would be up the canal to Ritchie's Bridge, cross there, and returning, pass through Hollywood Cemetry," says Uncle Fred.

"I will be ready," says Frank, and away he went to hunt up several articles which he was fond of carrying with him when walking.

The canal which Mr. Stevens proposed to follow in his walk, was the James River and Kanawha Canal, which follows the course of the James River.

The route was a desirable one for two reasons: first, it was good, because he intended to take a series of walks, which would show his nephew the whole city, and so commencing on the northern and western side he could move around to the other extremity. The time having arrived, Frank bounded into the sitting-room, armed with a large glass, which he intended to use

when he reached the high ground beyond the city limits.

"Come on, uncle, I am ready; and besides, it's three o'clock. How far will we have to walk?"

"About five miles; get your hat and let's be off."

Passing down through some of the most beautiful streets in the city, they soon reached the old bridge which crosses the canal at State Armory. Passing over, they were on the towpath, along which the horses travel when towing the boats. This path is on the side of the canal nearest the river.

From it you have beautiful views of the scenery along the river and beyond. The hills are, many of them, surmounted by fortifications,

built during the war to protect the roads on the south side.

As soon as the bridge was crossed, Frank commenced to question his uncle about the buildings around about him.

"Uncle, what old ruins are those just before us?"

"The ruins of the old State Armory. It was built about the year 1800. Before the war the arms and ammunition of the State were stored here. Here were the quarters of the State Guard. When the war commenced, the Confederate Government took possession of the buildings and machinery, and used them during the war. When the city was evacuated in 1865, the place was burned by order of the military authorities.

"When I was a boy, the older boys in the city had a soldier company, all uniformed and equipped, and the captain of the State Guard drilled them here in the Armory yard. I was very anxious to be one of that company, but was too small."

They now moved on up the towpath. Soon there appeared off to the right on a high hill, a beautiful castle. Frank admired it very much, and asked how old it was.

"It is not an old building," his uncle replied. "It is called Pratt's Cottage, and is built on Gamble's Hill—so called because the ground was once owned by a Colonel Gamble."

Presently they heard a great noise, and the air smelt of smoke.

"What is all that noise, uncle? and where does all this smoke come from?"

"Why we are near the Tredegar Iron Works, where locomotives, railroad iron, and other things in that line are made. During the war this was a place of great importance. Here we made most of the heavy guns for fortifications, and war vessels. Here church bells, probably, and other things which are useful in peace, were melted to be made into field pieces.

"I sincerely hope, Frank, that there will be no more use for guns in this country. Peace is better than war; plenty is better than want; and the music of church bells sweeter than the booming of cannon.

"Would you like to go in and look around? I suppose we can get permission."

"Oh! very much."

Mr. Stevens stopped at the office, and got permission to go all through the works.

They passed into the rolling mill, where the hands were busily handling the white hot iron.

The puddlers were stripped to the waist, and when the door of a furnace opened, the glare of the molten metal made them look like demons. These puddlers would haul out large balls of blazing metal, and pass it to others. These would throw it between the rollers, and soon the mass would be the desired length and size.

These long bars of iron, as they

passed through the rollers and back again, looked like huge serpents. It was a beautiful sight to see the saw at work.

When a bar of iron was to be cut, it was thrown against a circular saw, and the brilliant sparks flew in every direction. Frank thought it beat fireworks, and was delighted; but confessed that he felt very uneasy.

The whirling and buzzing of the large wheels, and the rapid movements of the iron, was to him rather unpleasant. He was relieved when his uncle called him to move on.

Older persons than Frank have been made to feel uncomfortable in this interesting place.

Just beyond the iron works the

canal bank is considerably higher than the river, and the view of the "Falls" is very good. Here, too, the fortifications commenced, and Frank had a chance to use his glass.

"What old place is that on the other side of the river which makes such a smoke?" says Frank.

"That is the Old Dominion Nail Works. It is not on the other side, but on an island — the famous "Belle Isle," where prisoners were confined during the war. The place being surrounded by water, made it very difficult to escape, and it did not require so many men to guard them here.

"Do you see that flat portion of the island at the lower end?"

"Yes, sir."

"There prisoners were camped. On the hill overlooking this camp, were two pieces of artillery, which, in case the prisoners had made an attempt to overpower the guard, might have been fired into the camp. These guns were never used, however, except to fire volleys over some men who were drowned in their attempts to escape. The bodies were in the river, and it was supposed that firing the guns would cause them to rise to the surface, so that they might be taken ashore and buried.

"There was a small space enclosed for burial purposes, and many prisoners were buried in it. After the war they were removed by the Government, and buried in the National Cemetery."

They now resumed their walk, and as they advanced, the bank rose higher and higher, until the river was far below, on the left, while the opposite bank of the canal was gradually rising into bluffs.

"Well," says Frank, "there *is* a curious house! Why did any body ever build a house in such a place?

"See what a beautiful garden, too! And there is a swing, and a fountain! Why, there is water all around the house. The river on one side, and a large pool this side!"

"That is the Pump House, Frank, where water is taken from the river, and forced by large pumps, away up on the hills near the city.

"There it is kept in a large pool, called the reservoir. Iron pipes extend from the reservoir to all parts of the city, and convey water to every house."

Uncle Fred now led the way down a long stairs, and into the pump house. Frank was delighted with what he saw. The ponderous machinery worked away as smoothly as though it had no work to do, but was only moving for the fun of it. And yet it was pushing and driving hundreds of gallons of water every moment the distance of a mile."

Every thing about the place was so neat and clean, and there were so many cards hung up asking people to be very particular, that Frank used every mat he passed vigorously.

In the upper rooms, above the floor on which were the pumps, there were many curiosities, mineral, animal, and vegetable, neatly arranged and labelled.

Among other things, a large shell, not of a fish, but of iron, and loaded with powder, which was accidentally fired through the building, when the inspectors were trying cannon on the river bank.

Uncle Fred found he would not have time to go up to the bridge, so he concluded to go under the canal, through the tunnel, built for the water pipes to pass, and spend the remaining hour or two in Hollywood Cemetery.

Frank was anxious to know how the tunnel was ever made. He thought it strange the water above

did not break through and drown the workmen.

"Why," said Uncle Fred, "they built a bridge across the tunnel, and let the water in the canal pass right along as usual."

"Well," said Frank, "I have heard of a bridge over water, but I never heard of water going over a bridge before!"

The tunnel opens into the most interesting portion of the cemetery. Within a few steps is the grave of President Monroe.

From the brow of the hill here, the landscape embraces woods, rivers, hills, and plains.

The bridges which connect Richmond and Mancester stretch across the river at considerable elevation, and the trains as they pass seem to

"feel their way" over the narrow path laid for them.

"What a beautiful place, uncle! It would not seem so sad to be buried here, where all is bright and beautiful. How different from those gloomy old burial places which we are accustomed to."

Frank, having gazed to his heart's content, turned and followed his uncle to Monroe's tomb. He was very much disappointed to find it very poorly marked. Instead of a good monument of granite, a very odd iron contrivance covers his grave.

Here Mr. Stevens gave Frank a short account of the life and death of Monroe, and then walked on.

On the way to the "Soldiers' Section," which is at the opposite side of the cemetery, they stopped at the

grave of General Stuart, who commanded the cavalry corps of the army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded in battle only a few miles from Richmond. He lived but a short time after reaching the city.

The road through the cemetery is splendidly shaded by the immense oaks, which are the natural growth.

Soon they arrived at the great spot in Hollywood. Rising in the midst of the graves of the thousands who sleep in the "Soldiers' Section," is an immense granite pile, pyramid in shape, erected by the Ladies' Hollywood Memorial Association.

Each grave has a stake at the head, on which is a number referring to the register, which gives the name of the tenant.

Most of the soldiers buried here

died in the hospitals in and around the city, either from wounds received in battle, or disease.

In this section are buried men from every State in the South, so that it is not only dear to Virginia, but has a hold on the hearts of the people of all the States, and will be a bond of affection between them for all ages to come.

In May of each year the ladies of Richmond, by thousands, come here and strew the ground with flowers.

Uncle Fred translated the inscriptions on the monument for Frank's benefit, and told him the names of some of his comrades buried in Hollywood.

Mr. Stevens would have lingered here, but remembering he had a boy along, who was not fond of standing

still, started homeward. Passing out at the gate nearest the city, they were soon at home, with a good appetite, waiting for supper.

Frank enjoyed the walk intensely. He saw *so many* things to interest him. He made good use of his glass while near the river, and felt amply repaid for the trouble of carrying it. A promise from his uncle that the next walk should be soon, completed his satisfaction.

After tea, Frank gave his time and attention to the amusement of his little cousin, who, too young for so long a walk, had been at home all the afternoon.

Having been raised in the country, he could tell her a great many things to please and instruct her.

He felt very grateful to his uncle

for his kindness, and tried in every possible way to make himself agreeable.

Of course he succeeded. No boy who really tries to please, is apt to fail.

II.

MR. STEVENS' family consisted of himself, wife, and daughter. He was not a wealthy man, but one who remembered his boyhood, appreciated the wants and feelings of boys, and was always ready to afford them innocent amusement.

He was liberal with his means and time, when either would add to the pleasure of young people. In the spring and fall he frequently spent whole days walking about the city and its environs. For company, he usually took some boy old enough to stand the fatigue, and to appreciate the luxury.

Frank's visits were a great pleasure to him, and saved him the trouble of hunting up a companion for his walks.

About a week after the walk we read of in the last chapter, Uncle Fred awoke Frank early one morning, and proposed a walk before breakfast.

Frank made a hasty toilet, and in ten minutes was ready to start.

Passing through a cross-street, they struck "Broad Street," and following the Fredericksburg Railroad, soon arrived at the grounds of Richmond College, a large brick building. The college was incorporated by act of legislature in 1832. Returning to the point where the railroad diverges from the road to the college, Uncle Fred took a road to the left,

and, passing beyond the city limits, got into the "Meadow-Bridge" road. About a mile from the city, the road was heavily fortified during the war, and the works are now in almost perfect order, with the exception of magazines; but, of course, have no armament. Taking the parapet for a path, they walked several miles, occasionally getting fine views of the city.

"Uncle, were these fortifications ever used?"

"No. I remember seeing troops camped here when a raiding party was expected, but the guns were never used. This is a portion of what was called the 'inner line' of works. There were three lines around Richmond. The third line sometimes came into use, but the

intermediate and inner were seldom used."

"What steeples are those we see rising above all the buildings in the city ?"

"They are the steeples of St. Paul's Episcopal, First Presbyterian, Broad Street Methodist, and the German Lutheran churches. That sharp, light spire you will see when we visit the Capitol Square this afternoon ; St. Paul's church is near there. Returning home, we will go by the Almshouse and Cemetery."

A few minutes more brought them in sight of the almshouse, which is situated on a high point at the city limits. The road, as it nears the city, rises abruptly, and is quite rugged, but soon the hill was mounted, and Frank stood before a fine,

roomy building, surrounded by large grounds.

"This is the almshouse," said Uncle Fred; "and a comfortable looking place it is."

"Can any one who is poor get a home and food here, uncle?"

"Yes, if residents of the city, and unable to work, by making application to the proper authorities they are given food and clothing and a bed. In olden times, before Christianity had enlightened the world, the poor were forced to beg from passers-by the food necessary to sustain life. Now, in all civilized lands, the poor are cared for, and provided with homes."

Just in front of the almshouse is the entrance to the Shockoe-Hill Cemetery, which, though not so ex-

tensive as Hollywood, is a sweet, quiet place, abounding in evergreens and flowers.

They then walked leisurely through the cemetery, and home.

After breakfast, Mr. Stevens went down town to business, leaving Frank at home to amuse himself until the afternoon, when he proposed to resume his walk.

After dinner, Uncle Fred started out again, and went directly to the "Davis Mansion," which is situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking a valley, beyond which rise immense hills, which, during the war, were covered with hospital buildings.

The house was purchased by the city of Richmond for Mr. Davis, when Richmond became the capital

of the Confederate States. He occupied it up to the time the city was evacuated.

When the Federal army entered the city, in 1865, the commanding general made it his headquarters, and for five years it was occupied by the military authorities.

It was then restored to the city.

"So that is the 'Davis Mansion?" said Frank, as he stood on the brow of the hill.

"Yes. For several years Mr. Davis might be seen every morning walking quietly from this house to his office. His little boys, no doubt, have romped together on this hill many a day. What a good view of the river we have from this point? When the great battles around Richmond were fought, Jackson com-

menced the attack near Mechanicsville, and, as night approached, the bursting shells were plainly visible from this hill. The road to Mechanicsville passes along the ridge of those hills beyond the valley."

"Is this valley a part of the city, uncle?"

"Oh, yes, a very interesting part, too, to the boys. For probably thirty years, the boys of 'Butchertown,' as this place is called, and the 'Hill Cats,' as the 'Butcher Cats' call the boys who live up here, have had a war on hand, and nearly every day a rock battle occurs, in which rocks fly thick and fast. Sometimes the Butcher Cats carry the hill, and sometimes the Hill Cats carry the war into Butchertown, and drive its defenders out. The police have tried

in vain to stop these rock battles. At least once a week they *must have* a fight. Away to the right, you can see the river for a mile or two. On those hills beyond the valley, there was an immense hospital during the war. The buildings have all been destroyed."

"Can you show me the school which cousin attends?"

"Yes; it is only a few squares from here. There is the tower in sight. The Richmond Female Institute is a large building, two squares from the Davis Mansion."

Frank was interested in it only because his cousin went to school there.

While standing in front of it, he discovered a small portion of the Washington Monument in view, and,

in his anxiety to see the monument, forgot the institute altogether, and would hardly wait to hear its history.

The building was converted into a hospital during the war, and was crowded with wounded and sick soldiers.

Walking on, a few steps brought them to the Capitol Square.

"Those churches you passed a moment ago, Frank, are two whose steeples you saw when out on the fortifications. Here we are, now look at the monument to your heart's content."

"How splendid, uncle! Oh, how splendid! Please tell me all about it, uncle?"

"The ceremony of laying the cor-

ner-stone took place on the 22d of February, 1850.

"General Zachary Taylor was present, and many other great men besides.

"The contract stipulated that the equestrian group, in bronze, should be fifteen English feet from the upper surface of the platform to the top of the chapeau, and that the pedestrian statues should be ten English feet in height. Two shields, representing the coat-of-arms of Virginia, were included in the contract. [These shields are stored in the basement of the Capitol.]

"It is hardly necessary to tell you anything about Washington. Every boy, of your age, in the country, is familiar with his history. The statue speaks for itself. It is cer-

tainly the grandest work of the kind in this country.

"Now, let us walk around and see those statues which surround the column.

"Listen, while I read:

"'Thomas Jefferson, of Albemarle County, Virginia, was first a member of the Legislature, then member of Congress, and author of the Declaration of Independence. Resigning his seat in Congress, he was again elected to the Legislature. In June, 1779, he was elected Governor of Virginia. In June, 1783, he was again elected to Congress. In 1797, he was elected Vice-President, and in 1800, President.' He died July 4th, 1826.

"I think, Frank, I will read you,

from this little book, a short account of each of the others.

"'Next to Jefferson, is George Mason, born in 1726, in Stafford County, Virginia.

"'He was the author of the first constitution for a free commonwealth.

"'He was also author of the "Virginia Bill of Rights."

"'His complexion was swarthy, his face grave, with a radiant dark eye, his raven hair sprinkled with gray; his aspect rather foreign; nearly six feet in stature; of a large, athletic frame, and active step. His presence was commanding, his bearing lofty. He was a systematic and prosperous planter, and devoted his leisure to study.

"'This eminent Virginian died at

his seat, "Gunston Hall," in the autumn of 1792.'"

"Now for Patrick Henry," says Frank; "I think he must have been a speaker."

"Yes, a very powerful speaker. His first success was as a lawyer, in a test suit at Hanover Court-house.

"At the conclusion of his speech on that occasion, he was carried from the court-house in triumph, on the shoulders of his admirers.

"'He was born May 29th, 1736, in Hanover County, Virginia. In 1765, he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, where he introduced his celebrated resolutions against the "Stamp Act," which were adopted by a majority after a stormy debate.' It was in the midst of this debate, that Henry exclaimed: "Cæ-

sar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third —(Treason! Treason! cried the Speaker)—Treason! resounded from every part of the house. Henry finished the sentence—"may profit by the example."

"'In 1774, he was sent as a delegate from Virginia to the First Colonial Congress. In 1775, he was a member of the Convention which met in St. John's Church, and proposed that the "Colony be put in a state of defence." He closed his speech, in reply to those who opposed his resolution, with the immortal sentence: "I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, *give me Liberty, or give me Death!*"

"'Soon after the seizure of the

gunpowder, at Williamsburg, by Lord Dunmore, in April, 1775, Henry summoned the Hanover volunteers, and, marching towards the (then) capital, compelled Dunmore's agent to pay the value of the powder. In June, Dunmore fled from Williamsburg, and, in July, a provisional government was organized at Richmond. Henry was elected colonel of the first regiment, and commander of all the forces to be enrolled.

"'In 1776, he was elected the *first* Governor of the Commonwealth, and filled the office until 1779, when he was ineligible under the Constitution. He served in the Legislature until the end of the war, when he was again elected Governor, and served until 1786, when he resigned. In 1788, he was a member

of the Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution. He opposed its ratification. In 1794, Henry retired from the bar. In the following year, Washington appointed him Secretary of State, but he declined the appointment, as he did that of envoy to France, offered him by Mr. Adams, and that of Governor, tendered in 1796. He died in Charlotte County, on the 6th of June, 1799.'"

"Now, about Lewis, uncle; who was he? How strong and bold he looks!"

"'Andrew Lewis was born in the province of Ulster, Ireland. He was brought to Virginia by his father, who settled in Augusta County. He fought Indians for the British until

the Colonies took up arms, when he commenced on the British.

"'Washington had so high an opinion of the bravery and military skill of General Lewis, that, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he recommended him to Congress as one of the major-generals of the American army. It is also said that, when Washington was commissioned as commander-in-chief, he expressed the wish that the appointment had been given to General Lewis. At his solicitation, Lewis accepted the commission of brigadier-general, and was soon after ordered to the command of the Virginia troops stationed near Williamsburg. On the 9th of July, 1776, he expelled Lord Dunmore from his retreat on Gwynn's Island. General

Lewis resigned his command, in 1780, to return home, being ill with a fever contracted in the low country. He died on his way, in Bedford County, about forty miles from his own house on the Roanoke, lamented by all acquainted with his meritorious services and superior qualities.

"'General Lewis was upwards of six feet in stature, and of uncommon activity and strength. His countenance was stern, his deportment reserved, and his presence commanding. Clad in his fringed hunting shirt, and carrying his long rifle, Lewis was an accurate type of a race of men, who, in the obstinate struggle of the Revolution, bore the "heat and burden of the day." When he was a commissioner on

behalf of Virginia, at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in New York, in 1768, the Governor of that colony remarked of him, that "the earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked.'"

"What a solemn looking old man this next one is!" says Frank; who is he?"

"'John Marshall was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24th, 1755. He commenced to study law when eighteen years of age, but soon the war for Independence commenced, and he joined a volunteer company, of which he was made a lieutenant.

"'In May, 1777, he was promoted to a captaincy in the Continental service.

"'He was in the battles of Brandywine, and Monmouth, and shared

the hardships and sufferings of the troops at Valley Forge.

"'In the winter of 1779, he was sent to Virginia to take charge of the new levies proposed to be raised by authority of the Legislature. In the summer of 1780, he was licensed to practice law, but returned to the army, and continued in service until the termination of Arnold's invasion. He then resigned his commission.

"'In 1782, he was elected to the Legislature from Fauquier County. In 1787, he represented Henrico County in the Legislature, and took a conspicuous part in the political debates of that period. He was a member of the Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution, and was one of the ablest defenders of that instrument. He afterwards

served in the General Assembly, for several sessions, as delegate from the city of Richmond.

"'In 1800, he was appointed Secretary of State by President Adams. On the 31st January, 1801, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The Senate unanimously confirmed the appointment, and thus commenced that long and illustrious judicial career, which has made the name of John Marshall so widely honored. In 1829, he was a member of the convention to revise the State Constitution, and, during the session, delivered a speech, regarded as an unrivalled specimen of lucid and conclusive reasoning. He held the office of Chief Justice until the

close of his life. He died at Philadelphia on the 6th of July, 1835.'"

"Now, uncle, who was Nelson?"

"'Thomas Nelson was born at York, Virginia, on the 26th of December, 1738.

"'In 1774, he was a member of the House of Burgesses. In 1775–6, he was a member of the Continental Congress, and signed the Declaration of Independence. In 1777, he resigned his seat in Congress, and returned to Virginia.

"'He was then made commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia.

"'At one time he went security for the State for as much as he was worth. By this, and other patriotic acts, he suffered heavy losses.

"'In 1781, when the storm of war burst upon Virginia, General Nelson

was actively employed in effecting plans to oppose the enemy, and, succeeding Mr. Jefferson as Governor, he united in himself the two offices of governor and commander of the military forces. By great efforts, Governor Nelson kept his forces together until the surrender of Cornwallis. To do this, he exerted his personal influence, his official authority, and his private fortune, to the utmost extent. After the surrender at Yorktown, General Washington, in his report, made an acknowledgment of the valuable services of Governor Nelson, and the militia under his command, during the siege, in securing that important result.

"'In a month after that event, Governor Nelson was compelled, by

impaired health, to retire again to private life. He never again entered public life. His time was passed in retirement at his plantations in Hanover, and at York. His health gradually declining, he died in Hanover, January 4th, 1789.'"

After a look at the allegorical figures which represent Independence, Bill of Rights, Revolution, Colonial Times, Justice, and Finance, Uncle Fred led the way to "Clay's Statue."

As they turned to go, Frank saw St Paul's Church, the beautiful spire of which he had seen when away out of the city, on the fortifications.

"Now, Frank, you see the 'Mill Boy of the Slashes.' What a beautiful work this is!

"'Henry Clay died on the 29th of

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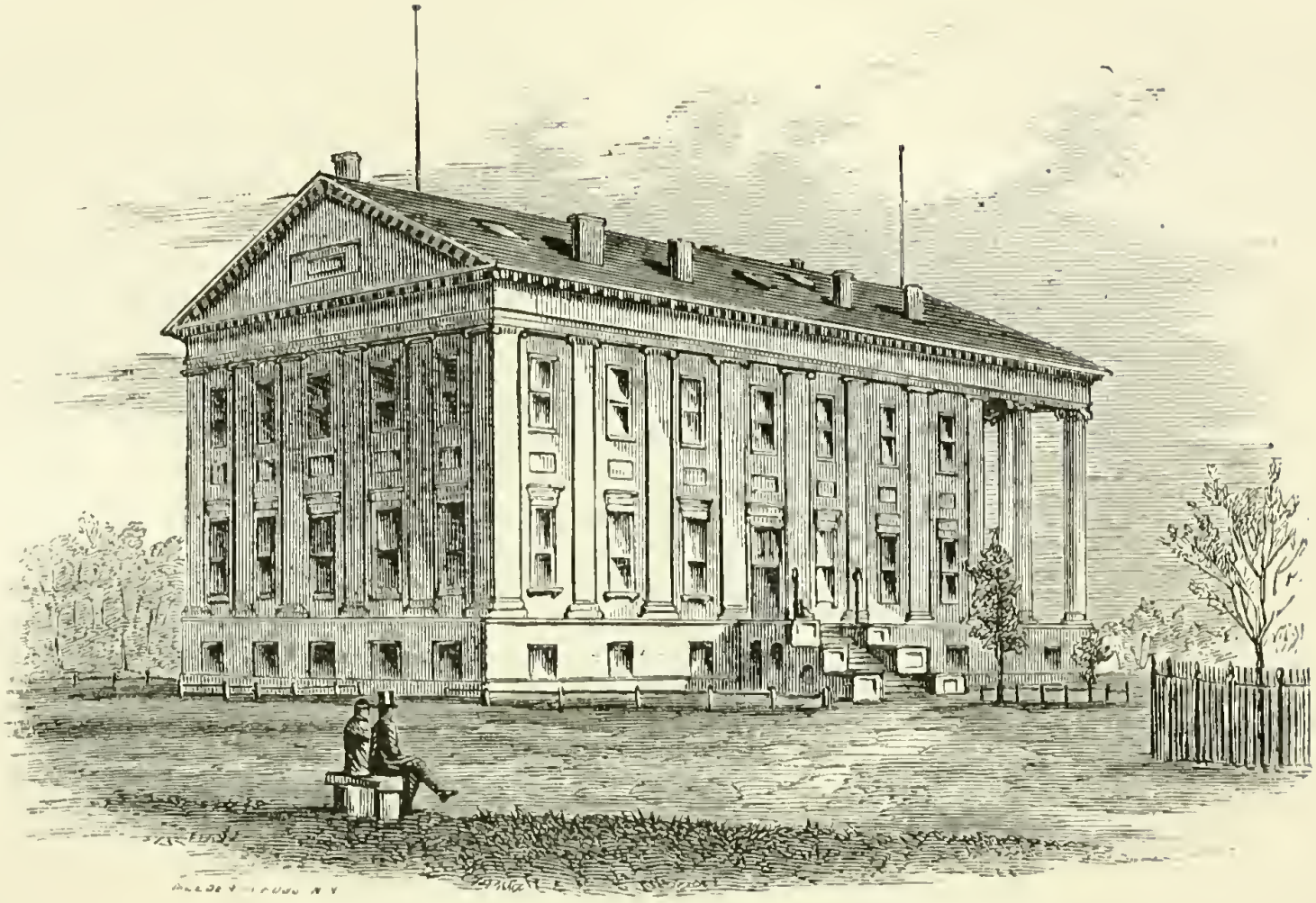

VIRGINIA STATE CAPITOL.

June, 1852, aged seventy-five years. He was for thirty years prominent and greatly influential in all important movements in the country.

"'He was one of the most effective speakers this country ever produced.

"'He was a tall, slender man, with a fine voice, remarkable ease and power of expression, high ambition, full of hope, and dauntless.

"'He was born in Hanover County, Virginia, and, as he, when a boy, frequently rode to mill, carrying the corn to be ground, got the name of "Mill Boy.'"

"Now, Frank, we must go into the Capitol and see what we can there."

Entering, the first thing which meets the eye is the famous statue of Washington, by Jean Antoine

Houdon, a French sculptor. It was made and erected, by order of the Virginia Assembly, under the direction of Jefferson.

Frank read the inscription, by James Madison, as follows:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to GEORGE WASHINGTON, who, uniting to the endowments of the *hero*, the virtues of the *patriot*, and exerting both in establishing the liberties of his country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory. Done in the year of Christ, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of the Commonwealth, the twelfth."

Near the statue is a marble bust of Lafayette, placed there by order of the Legislature. Here, too, is an old stove which deserves notice.

It was cast by a man named Buzaglo, who was very proud of his work. When it was shipped from London he wrote to Lord Bottetourt under date, August 15th, 1770: "The elegance of workmanship does honor to Great Britain. It excels in grandeur anything ever seen of the kind, and is a master-piece not to be equalled in all Europe. It has met with general applause, and could not be sufficiently admired."

This stove served the State in Legislative Halls for sixty years, warmed the Rotunda of the Capitol about forty years more, and is now

laid away as useless. It can be seen by visitors who inquire for it.

After walking through the State Library, leisurely, examining some curiosities there, Frank and his uncle went on top the building, and had a splendid view of the whole city. Before leaving the building they went in the Hall of the House of Delegates, where, on the 27th of April, 1870, over fifty people were killed and hundreds wounded. The room immediately over the Hall was used for the sessions of the Court of Appeals of Virginia.

Mr. Stevens read from a pamphlet, which he had with him, the following account of the catastrophe:—

"The room of the Court of Appeals was the scene of this horrible occurrence. On the 16th of March last a new City Council,

appointed by Governor Walker, in pursuance of the provisions of an act of the General Assembly, known as the 'enabling act,' elected Mr. H. K. Ellyson Mayor of Richmond. The constitutionality of the said act was contested by the incumbent of the Mayorality, Mr. George Cahoon, and ultimately the question was brought before the Supreme Court of Appeals. The arguments of counsel had been heard, and the Court, as usual, reserved its decision. Wednesday, as was generally known, the opinion of the Court would be pronounced, and an immense concourse of anxious spectators and listeners had gathered to ascertain the result. Members of the Legislature, visitors to the city from all parts of our country, members of the bar, representatives of both police forces of the city, members of the press, and representatives of all classes and conditions of life, were assembled.

"The bells had just tolled the hour of eleven, and death-like silence reigned, as Mr. Starke, the clerk, entered and placed

his books on the table. Judges Joynes and Anderson were in their seats. Mr. Starke, leaning over the railing, was talking with them, while the rest of the Judges were in the conference room, not quite prepared to enter on their day's duties. The counsel for Mayor Ellyson, Messrs. Neeson and Meredith, had taken their seats, and were ready to proceed to business. Ex-Governor Wells and L. H. Chandler, Esq., were also in their places, and the reporters of the *Enquirer*, *Dispatch*, *Whig*, and *State Journal* were at the desks set apart for their use and accommodation. The moments were spent in pleasant conversation by the spectators present. Various were the speculations as to the final result, when, all at once, a panel piece of ceiling fell, and then the girder gave way with an awful crash, and precipitated the spectators who were in the gallery of the court-room to the main floor, and the additional weight in one single moment's time crushing the court-room through. The mass of human beings who were in attendance were sent, mingled with

the bricks, mortar, splinters, beams, iron bars, desks, and chairs, to the floor of the House of Delegates, and in a second more, fifty-seven souls were launched into eternity.

"The whole atmosphere was thick with a dense cloud of dust from the plastering, and the human beings sent up a groan which will ring forever in the ears upon which it fell. In a moment, a few survivors clinging to the windows and fragments of hanging timber, and the bare and torn walls, were all that remained to mark the place where, only a moment before, there was a scene of life, vigor and hope.

"The scene which ensued cannot be described. Many of Richmond's most valued citizens perished. At least three hundred persons were killed or wounded. Every effort was made to rescue those buried beneath the ruins, and many owe their lives to the noble efforts of those who went promptly to the rescue.

"The bells of the city continued to toll throughout the day. The whole community was plunged into the deepest sorrow.

All places of business were closed, the emblems of mourning were everywhere; and the citizens for several days gave themselves up to the sad duty of burying the dead, nursing the wounded, and comforting the mourners."

The Governor's residence, near the Capitol was then visited, and, it being quite late in the evening, Uncle Fred concluded they had seen enough for one afternoon, and started home.

"I have not had time, Frank, to tell you as much as I would about these men and things," said Uncle Fred; "but when you go home you can read more about them."

Soon two weary walkers were at home and at rest.

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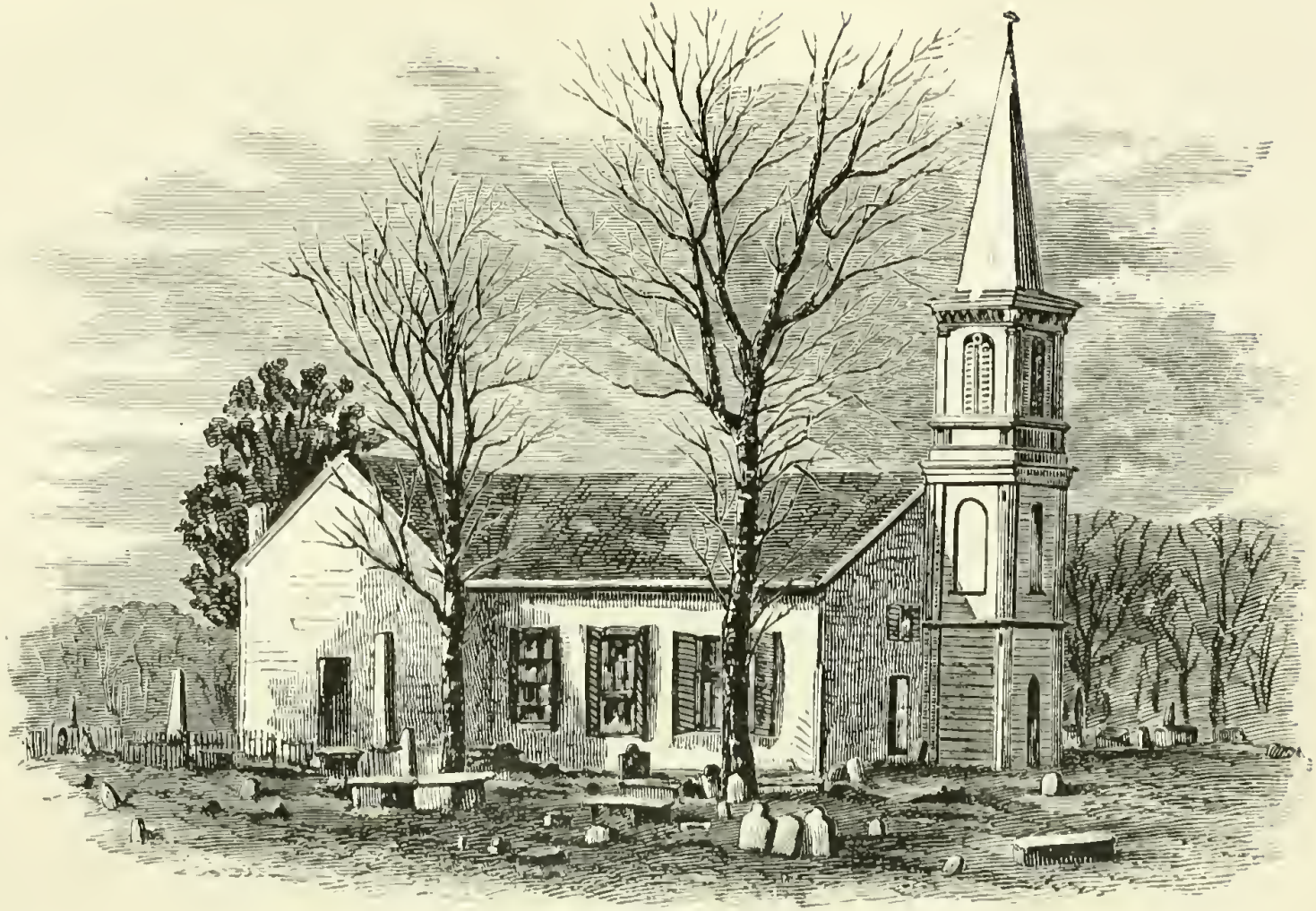

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

III.

THE next leisure time Mr. Stevens had he took Frank and visited that portion of the city called Church Hill—so called because at one time the only church in the city was situated there.

On the way he stopped in front of a curiously built church on Broad Street, called the "Monumental Church." The building is octagonal in shape, and is built on the former site of the Richmond Theatre, which was destroyed by fire in 1811. The church derives its name from the monument to the victims of the fire, which stands in the front por-

tico. On it are inscribed the names of some who perished. The Governor, and many highly respectable citizens, were among those who lost their lives. Frank went in and read the names on the monument.

"Are these people buried here, uncle?"

"Their remains, or the remains of some of them, are gathered under this monument. You will find a very interesting account of the fire, and the awful scenes connected with it, in 'Howe's Historical Collections.' The fire occurred on the night of the 26th of December, 1811."

Coming out into the street again, Frank asked his uncle if he intended "to go up that long hill."

"Oh, yes. Do you see that little white steeple rising among the trees?

it is a modern addition to the old St. John's Church. I shall go directly to that church, and show you some curiosities in the grave-yard which surrounds it."

"Uncle, is that the church in which Patrick Henry made his great speech, and said, 'Give me Liberty, or give me Death?'"

"That is the very house. In 1799 the Virginia Convention met in the church, and among the great men who assembled there then, were Madison, Marshall, Monroe, Mason, and Randolph."

Walking slowly up the hill, talking as they walked, they soon entered the enclosure. Mr. Stevens, though he had often before been there, walked about, from place to place, trying to decipher the names and

dates on the old tombstones. The place was full of interest to him, but Frank confessed he would as soon move on as stay.

"This place looks so old and death-like, uncle; let's go on somewhere else," he said.

"Don't hurry, Frank; these old inscriptions are very queer, some of them, and I am surprised at the great age to which some of those buried here attained."

Mr. Stevens would have stopped longer, but yielded to Frank, and started in the direction of Libby's Hill, which overlooks the river, and from which may be had a fine view of the city and the country on the south side of the James.

Arrived on the hill, Frank saw the city laid out before him like

a picture. And then he could see for miles down the river—see all Manchester, the wharves, and the bridges. He was delighted with the view.

"During the war," says Uncle Fred, "when battles were going on down the river, hundreds of ladies and children would gather here and anxiously listen to the booming of the huge guns of the fortifications and gunboats. Sometimes the interest would be so great that business would be suspended, and all the talk be about the firing. On that hill beyond us, lower down the river, was an immense hospital, called 'Chimborazo.' Thousands of sick and wounded died there. Many, too, recovered and returned to their

commands, while others went home cripples for life."

"Well, uncle, did those men have medicine, and good food, while they were sick?"

"No; not always; the Government could not get sufficient quantities to supply all the hospitals.

"The citizens visited the hospitals constantly, and cheerfully gave all their delicacies to the suffering soldiers. Many poor fellows died from want and neglect, but many others, away from home and friends, were nursed as tenderly by Richmond ladies as if they had been their own sons.

"I was in this hospital, one day, looking for a friend of mine, who was wounded, and said to be here, and, as I passed along through the

long rows of beds, I heard some one call feebly, 'Fred!' I turned quickly, and there lay your father, terribly wounded. He had been brought to Richmond in that condition, and, though he had begged to be allowed to go to my house, was refused, and carried to the hospital.

"Fortunately, my leave of absence had not expired, and, by begging hard and long, I got permission to move him to my house. I had the satisfaction of seeing him begin to improve before I returned to my regiment. He would, probably, never have recovered, but for this fortunate move.

"If we had time, I would carry you out to Oakwood Cemetery, where many a soldier sleeps his last sleep. The place is more than a mile from

here, though, and we won't have time to go there.

"Now, we will run down this hill, and take the shortest route to the wharves."

In a few minutes Mr. Stevens and Frank stood on the wharves, talking.

"Here, at the beginning of the war," says Uncle Fred, "were two fine steamers, which the Government seized, and soon converted into gunboats. They were finally sunk in the river, near Drewry's Bluff, to serve as obstructions to prevent the gunboats from passing up the river. Their skeletons may be seen there now."

Walking leisurely up the wharves, they soon came to the depot of the York River Railroad.

"This road, Frank, runs through

the battlefield of 'Seven Pines.' The Federal army mounted a gun right on the track, some eight or nine miles below the city, and, to fight it, the Confederate officers built an ironclad car, on which was mounted an immense gun, manned by six powerful men.

"A locomotive was placed behind the car, and shoved it in range of the gun mounted on the track. As soon as the men could see each other, the firing commenced, and continued till one or the other party was disabled."

Just above the depot stands an old dingy tobacco factory, which, though humble in appearance, is an object of interest.

As Mr. Stevens neared it, he gave Frank its history.

"That old building," said he, "is "the 'Libby Prison.' During the war it was crowded with prisoners, and guarded day and night. The prisoners were necessarily crowded, and, like every body else in the Confederacy, lacked some of the comforts of life. *They* were often fed, however, when the ragged troops of the South were suffering the pangs of hunger continually.

"Some of the prisoners managed to be happy even in this place, and would sing merrily from hour to hour.

"Just above the Libby, on the opposite side of the street, stands the famous 'Castle Thunder.'

"It is similar in appearance to the Libby, and served in the same

LIBBY PRISON.

capacity before the war. Both were, and are now, tobacco factories."

Leaving the Libby, Mr. Stevens next went to the Old Stone House, which is on Main Street, one block from the Libby. It is the oldest dwelling in the city, and has twice seen it invaded and burned.

Its massive walls, of irregular granite blocks, seem good for another century.

"Uncle," says Frank, "do you mean to stop to see this old house?"

"Why, certainly, Frank, it is the great antiquity of the city. When President Monroe, whose tomb you saw in Hollywood, was a young man attending school in Richmond, he boarded with the lady who lived in this house.

"A Mr. Ege lived here during the

Revolutionary War, and, at different times, Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Madison, and Patrick Henry, were sheltered under his roof."

The walk up Main Street to Fourteenth was very interesting to Frank, who was seeing the city for the first time.

Turning down Fourteenth, Mr. Stevens went across Mayos Bridge to Manchester.

When told by his uncle that the bridge on which he crossed had more than once been washed away, Frank was slow to believe it. He could not realize that the river could ever be so swollen as to reach the top of the stone piers.

The immense cotton and woollen mills in Manchester were quite a

sight, and interested Frank very much.

After looking through them, Mr. Stevens took Frank out on a hill near-by, from which they had another fine view of the city.

As they crossed the bridge, on their way back to Richmond, Mr. Stevens gave Frank the following account of it:

"The original bridge was built soon after Richmond became the capital of Virginia. It was washed away by a freshet, many years ago, but was rebuilt with some improvements.

"When Richmond was evacuated, in 1865, the bridge was burned, to delay the Federal army in its pursuit of the retreating columns of General Lee. The Federal troops, finding

the bridge destroyed, threw a pontoon, or bridge of boats, across the river here, and so crossed.

"After General Lee's surrender, the United States Government engineers built the present bridge on the old site. As soon as the tolls had remunerated the Goverment, the bridge was turned over to the owners of the old structure."

"Uncle, do you think the river will ever wash it away again?"

"I hope not, Frank, but we can't tell. I have several times seen the water nearly up to the floor we are walking on, and it may some day reach it."

"What large building is that rising above all around it?"

"It is the Gallego Mill, one of the largest in the world. Before

the great fire in 1865, Richmond could boast the largest flour mill in the world.

"This mill is built on the site of an old mill which was burnt when the city was evacuated. We will go and take a look at the mills."

Turning to the left, when the bridge was crossed, they walked up a canal bank to Haxall's Mills, situated immediately on the river. Going in, they were politely received by the superintendent of the manufacturing department, who took them all through the mill. He said the mills were making from a thousand to twelve and sixteen hundred barrels of flour every day, and if worked to their full capacity, could make two thousand barrels.

A short distance from the mills are the ruins of the great mill of the city and probably of the world.

Frank was astonished at the thickness of the walls, portions of which are standing, and the large space enclosed by them. Just beyond these ruins stands the mill which had attracted Frank's attention as he crossed the bridge.

"This building," said Mr. Stevens, "was connected with the one beyond, and the two made Warwick & Barksdale's Mill. When worked to their full capacity, they could make from two thousand to twenty-five hundred barrels of flour a day, and that the best in the world. When returning home at the close of the war, as I walked down the towpath of the canal, these old

ruins were the first thing I recognized, and at once satisfied me of the rumors I heard on the way. I soon saw that nearly all the lower part of the city was destroyed. These walls, towering up amongst the ruins, served as land marks, and enabled me to determine how much of the city had been burned."

"Well, uncle, I am tired, I would advise any one going to *walk* with *you* to *ride*. Suppose we go home."

"Very well; I suppose we have seen enough for one day. If we had time I should like to show you the machinery of the Gallego Mill. Some other time though, you might come down here alone, and look around."

IV.

IT WAS probably ten days after the last walk, that Frank, after an agreeable visit to some friends in the neighborhood, had seated himself for a pleasant time with a new book. Night was approaching, the house was still, and he promised himself a quiet hour.

He was scarcely seated when in came his uncle, talking as he came, about the "freshet."

Said he, "The river is rising rapidly, and telegrams from Lynchburg warn us to remove all property, liable to injury, which may be stored near the river. One man

even goes so far as to say the Danville Railroad Bridge is in danger. Lynchburg is already suffering from the 'flood,' as they call it, and the bridge across the river there is already swept away."

"Well," said Mrs. Stevens, who had entered while her husband was speaking, "I hope the danger is exaggerated, but the merchants should prepare for the worst."

"Oh, I suppose the people at Lynchburg are excited," replied Mr. Stevens, "and being themselves flooded, think we will be too. I have no fears." So the flood was soon forgotten, and the evening passed as pleasantly as though the "James" was behaving as usual. No sleep was lost in that household, though there was trouble coming.

In the morning Mr. Stevens went down town, as usual, expecting to hear that the "flood" had subsided. He was doomed to disappointment. His place of business he found in the greatest confusion. Porters and hired hands were busily hoisting goods from the cellar to the upper stories; his bookkeeper was hurriedly moving the books and papers from the safe, and everything betokened the greatest haste. Looking down into the cellar, Mr. Stevens soon discovered the cause of excitement. The water had nearly filled the cellar, and was still rising rapidly. He at once went to work, and no one worked harder than he for the next two hours. By the time he had moved all his goods to the second story, the water

was several inches deep in the main floor, and he found himself wading.

Leaving the store in charge of his clerks, Mr. Stevens hurried home to tell the news and get dry garments.

Mrs. Stevens, having finished her morning work, was about to commence sewing, when, very much to her surprise, Mr. Stevens entered the room with his clothes soiled and wet, huge bundles of papers under his arm, and looking altogether not so neat as she was accustomed to see him. He soon gave satisfactory reasons for his odd appearance.

"The river has overflowed its banks," said he; "my store is flooded, and it seems probable that we are to have the greatest freshet

Richmond has ever known. Crowds are hurrying down to the river banks, and many predict that Mayo's Bridge will be swept away before night."

"Uncle, are you going down town again?" said Frank; "I want to see the flood."

"Yes; immediately. Get your hat and go with me."

The water commenced to rise the day before. All through the night it continued to rise in the harbor, at the rate of not less than a foot and a half an hour, and those who went to bed flattering themselves that in the morning all would be right, were doomed to a sad disappointment. When morning came, bright and cloudless though it was, the river was swollen to dimensions

calculated to fill with dismay the hearts of all who dwelt or did business on low lands. The islands in the river were overrun with a rapid current; the vessels in the dock had risen to the level of the wharves; the bridges over the James were trembling beneath the blows of the drift-wood and the beating of the waves against their tough timbers; and the report was that the water was slowly finding its way into the streets in the lower part of the city. There was a little lake on Cary Street, and the people of Rocketts found the river literally at their doors. Still there were those who said the fresh had reached its highest, and that Richmond was not in danger.

When the first swell came, three

men, who evidently had not read the warning in the morning papers, were fishing in the river at a point just opposite Haxall's Mills. One was on a trap fixing it, the others in a boat. The boat was carried away by the sudden rush of waters, and the fisherman on the trap was left high and dry, but with a prospect of soon being set afloat in a very dangerous current. His comrades in the boat strove to go to his assistance, but their efforts were ineffectual, and, presently, deeming delay perilous, he doffed his clothes and committed himself to the water. Being an expert swimmer, he managed to dodge the rocks, and got into smoother water, when he was drawn out alive, but almost exhausted.

The drift-wood brought down was mostly dead, but late in the evening some good framing timber was noticed afloat. As long as the character of the floating stuff could be discerned, there were no traces of the destruction of valuable property reported to have taken place up towards Lynchburg, and this, taken in connection with the generally-accepted statement of the rate at which the current was travelling, led to the belief that the water which wrought such serious damage had not yet reached Richmond.

During the whole afternoon might be seen parties on either bank of the river preparing for the flood by removing everything liable to be set afloat. Many teams were engaged until a very late hour in getting out

the tobacco from Mayo's warehouse, and placing it at points deemed safer. It seemed hardly probable, however, that the water would rise high enough to move the tobacco there stored, as to do so it would have to be several feet higher than it has been raised by any fresh within the memory of persons now living.

The consternation in Rocketts as the water began to lap over the wharves there afforded an exciting spectacle. People removed their valuables from exposed places, and, generally, made their beds for the night about as high up stairs as they could well get. Boats were held in readiness to convey them to town in the morning should the street be submerged.

Should the present freshet equal that of May, 1770, it is likely that all the bridges will be swept away, and many millions of property be destroyed in and out of the city. There is a monument at Turkey Island, said to be one of the oldest in Virginia, which records the devastations of the great flood. Turkey Island is now a part of the mainland, but before 1770 it was an island. The river, in its rage, lifted it beyond its bed, and plastered it on the adjacent shore. In the *Virginia Gazette* of that date, there is an interesting account from the pen of a witness who lived in Richmond. Then, indeed, the rains had uninterruptedly descended for twelve days and twelve nights.

Fortunately, some had heeded the

kindly-meant warnings received from the sufferers on the upper James, and made preparations for the flood. A good deal of the tobacco had been gotten out of Mayo's warehouse during the night, but there were still hundreds of hogsheads there, and some consignees did not seem at all alarmed. A few lumber merchants had taken precautions, one or two foundrymen had cleared their floors, and many people in Rocketts were ready to move. As reports were received of "still rising," or "no fall," many more began to get ready for an overflow, and, at about 10 o'clock, the whole of the lower part of the city was in a state of excitement. The water had now risen nearly up to the eaves of the steamboat sheds at Rocketts, and

Gillie's Creek had overflown its banks. Up town, also, matters looked serious. From Cary Street the water passed over to Main, filling Seventeenth Street as it came along, and, almost without a moment's warning, the butchers and hucksters at the Old Market found their feet getting wet. The merchants and shop-keepers tried to get their stocks out of the way of the flood, but, although they worked manfully, and were assisted, they were only partially successful.

Driven from their stalls at the market-house, the butchers made a very orderly retreat to higher ground, and soon the scene of their operations was transferred from Seventeenth Street to Eighteenth, and both sides of Main, between Eight-

eenth and Nineteenth, while the venders of vegetables sandwiched themselves between butchers wherever they found an opening. It was rather curious to see sweet potatoes and cabbages displayed before an undertaker's door, and roasts, soup-pieces, and steaks, adorning the outer walls of a dry-goods house.

Meantime the water was still rising on Main Street, and ladies travelling from one hill to the other, were under the necessity of standing up on the benches to keep from getting wet. At 12 o'clock the cars could no longer go across, the water being deep enough to swim a horse. The cars on either side of the stream, however, continued to run to the water's edge during the whole day.

When Frank and his uncle arrived

at Mayo's Bridge, the river was filled with drifting stuff. There came along logs, mill timber, hay-stacks, trunks, barrels, boxes, pieces of fencing, chairs, tables, benches, gates, wagon-bodies, harness, pumpkins and water-melons, agricultural implements, boughs of trees, and two or three whole roofs of houses. On one of the latter, a poor half-drowned rat was scampering about wildly, much to the delight of the spectators. Luckily, most of the debris following the track of the swiftest part of the current was carried right under the bridge, but other pieces were driven against the abutments with terrible force, and as at the same time the water rose rapidly, it was evident at about noon that the bridge must go. At quarter-past 12 o'clock

the part over Manchester Creek parted company with the rest, and it was followed in a few minutes by all that part of the bridge, two or three hundred yards in length, on the south side of the island.

The precautions taken by the police authorities were so effective, that, notwithstanding the great anxiety of the crowd to expose themselves to the danger of being washed away, nobody was on any part of the bridge when it floated off.

All eyes were now turned toward the Danville bridge, and it hardly seemed possible that it could long withstand the rising current. The tide crept up to the very floor of the massive structure, and the drift-wood was fiercely hurled against it without intermission for hours, but the

bridge remained unshaken to the very last.

The Petersburg Railroad bridge was never thought to be in danger. Trains ran over it when the water was doing its worst, and the passengers, knowing its condition, felt as safe as on dry land.

The bridge gone, the next place of interest was Rocketts. The river, rising above the wharves, spread itself over whole blocks, and an idea of the height of the fresh may be obtained from the statement that only the peaks of the roof of the steamboat sheds were visible. The James River Steamboat Company's sheds were swept away quite early in the action, and, after bumping against several houses, and knocking down a street lamp, departed in pieces.

The people in dwelling-houses, vainly hoping that the flood would soon subside, were driven from floor to floor, until, finally, they and their furniture had to be taken out of the garret windows, and carried away in boats to the houses of hospitable neighbors.

Desiring to go to Rocketts, and not caring to go by water, the shortest route was by way of Oakwood Cemetery, Blakey's Mill, and Wickersville.

As the river rose, the back-water gradually made its way up Shocko Creek, until it obtained a considerable height above the keystone of the different arches spanning the stream at the street crossings. The bridge in the rear of the Lancasterian School-house was carried away, and

the houses on both sides of the creek, as far up as the foot of President Hill, consisting mostly of small framed dwellings, were inundated. Some of their inhabitants moved to the upper stories, but the greater number, with all their worldly goods, abandoned their homes and struck for a higher position.

After a wearisome walk around the flooded district, Mr. Stevens and Frank went home hungry and worn out. Mr. Stevens, knowing he had done all he could to save his goods, gave himself no further trouble about business, and spent the remainder of the day at home, recounting the many interesting incidents of the flood.

The water was at its height at ten o'clock on Saturday night. There

was no perceptible rise after that hour, and at about midnight there were many evidences of a fall. It continued to decline during the night, and at ten o'clock in the morning had fallen four feet. At noon the water was about as high as it was at the same time on Saturday. Thereafter the fall was very rapid, and last night vehicles could pass without any difficulty, and pedestrians could wade anywhere on the parts of Main and Franklin Streets that had been flooded. The river was not entirely confined to its limits, and was indeed higher than it is in an ordinary fresh.

The highest point reached by the water was twenty-four feet and one-eighth of an inch above high tide

at Rocketts, by actual measurement.

Frank sat up till late in the night, hoping to hear of the falling of the water, but no such news came, and he had to sleep without it. The next morning, which was Sunday, his uncle, who had been down town very early, and returned, gave him the good news that the water had subsided, and the worst was over.

V.

MR. STEVENS being an enthusiastic Sunday-school teacher, the Sunday breakfast was earlier than usual, in order that he might be in his place in the school at the appointed time for opening.

This morning Frank accompanied him, and took a seat in his class during the session of the school. Virginia also went with them, and took her place on the side of the school room devoted to the female scholars.

At the close of the school all went up into the church to preach-

ing. The large congregation, the fine music of the organ, and the beauty of the audience room were all novel and pleasant to Frank.

After a good sermon, the congregation dispersed to their homes, to discuss the sermon, and enjoy the rest of the Sabbath. In the afternoon, Mr. Stevens went out to visit a sick friend. Frank and Virginia walked out to one of the flower gardens at the upper end of the street on which they lived.

There they saw in full bloom sweet clematis, jessamine, dahlias, and other beautiful flowers in almost endless variety.

When they reached home after their walk tea was ready and waiting.

After tea, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens,

Frank, and his cousin all went to church again, and so the day closed.

During the week following, Mr. Stevens was very busy cleaning away the mud deposited in his store by the flood, and rearranging his scattered books and papers. So he had no time to give to Frank's amusement or instruction.

Mrs. Stevens, however, took him in charge, and soon procured for him a guide, willing and capable enough to show him around the city. Ned Carter was almost proud of his responsibility, as one bright morning he started out with Frank for a ramble about the streets.

"Where shall we go first, Ned?"

"Oh, anywhere; suppose we go down and take a look at the house

which was General Lee's residence during the war?"

"That is one place I certainly want to see," replied Frank, and off they started.

In a few minutes they stood at a corner near the house.

"There is the house, Frank."

"Which one?"

"That one in the centre of the block which is separated from those on each side."

"Well, Ned, why are there no houses here at this corner?"

"There was a church on this corner, which was burnt at the time of the evacuation, and the lot has not been built up yet. It was the only church burnt at that time."

"What is that large building down on the corner of Main Street?"

"It is the Spotswood Hotel. When Jefferson Davis was brought to Richmond to be tried before the United States Court he was furnished rooms in that hotel.

"Would you like to see the ruins of the Confederate War Department offices? they are not far from here."

"Yes, I want to see everything which has any connection with the history of the war." Ned soon had Frank looking at a large lot filled with bricks and rubbish.

"Here," said he, "stood the 'Mechanics' Institute' building, which, during the war, served as offices for the War Department. In this building, too, the Virginia Convention met to discuss the propriety

of seceding from the Union. I can remember hearing some of the speeches which were made at the time.

"Now we will go down to the Post Office."

"Where is it, Ned?"

"Just a square from here; come on."

"In this building," said Ned, when they arrived at the Custom House or Post Offiice, "President Davis had his office during the war. The lower story was occupied by the Confederate Treasury Department, and from this place huge bundles and boxes of treasury notes were shipped to the army to pay the soldiers, and to the officers of the Government in other cities."

"Was this building put up by the Confederate Government?"

"Oh, no; the United States Government built it before the war for a Custom House and Post Office."

Ned next led the way to the old market house on Main Street.

"I brought you here," says Ned, "to show you how high the water was during the freshet; you see the mark is higher than you can reach. The people of Richmond have been buying their marketing on this spot for more than eighty years. I have read in a book we have at home, that eighty years ago there was only a wooden shed here, and all this part of Main Street was a green pasture."

The boys now decided to take

the next horse-car, and ride out to the "Reservoir." Ned stopped the car, they jumped in, and, in fifteen minutes, alighted at the terminus of the road, and within a stone's throw of the entrance to the enclosure of the Reservoir.

Ned hammered away at the gate with his fists until the watchman opened it, and enquired his business.

"I have a friend here," said he, "who has never seen the Reservoir; and if you would let us in, and show us what is to be seen, we would be very much obliged to you."

"Well, I reckon I must let you in, though we don't often allow boys to come in; they are so mischievous."

The watchman very kindly ex-

plained everything of interest to the boys, and, when they left, invited them to come again when they felt disposed.

From the Reservoir Ned took Frank to "Camp Lee," where soldiers were drilled and equipped before going into active service.

"Were *all* the soldiers of the Confederate army drilled here, Ned?" asked Frank.

"No, indeed. When the war first commenced, thousands volunteered, and, being very anxious to be good soldiers, soon learned enough to make themselves reliable in the field. But there were some who only went into the army when forced to go.

'These were called 'Conscripts,' and were sent here to be drilled and

kept safely until they could be sent to the field."

It was now near dinner time, so the boys commenced their journey homeward, only stopping on their way to peep into the theatre.

"Have you ever seen a play, Ned?" asked Frank.

"No. Father says the theatre is no place for boys, and he would never let me go to see a play."

'Don't you want to see one very much?"

"No, not much. Father knows best about such things. I have made up my mind never to go to the theatre."

Thus talking, the boys soon reached Mr. Stevens' house, where they parted, after making an ap-

pointment to continue their walk in the afternoon.

As the boys dined about the same hour, they were soon together again, and on their way to the Medical College.

Ned Carter had a cousin who was a student at the college, and had told Ned he would show him the museum and the dissecting room, any time he felt disposed to see them.

When the boys arrived at the college, Ned enquired for Mr. Hood, his cousin, who soon appeared, welcomed them, and immediately took them up to the dissecting room

In the room were several long, narrow tables, surrounded by small gutters, to carry off the blood or other fluids which might flow from the

"subjects," as Mr. Hood called them. On three of the tables, bodies, partly nude, were lying awaiting the pleasure of the students.

Immediately on entering the room, Frank noticed a strange odor which pervaded the atmosphere, and hardly dared draw a full breath. At first he felt afraid and uneasy, but soon several students entered the room, and their lively conversation and easy manners somewhat reassured him.

"Why, Hood," says one, "when did these subjects arrive?"

"Last night; they seem to be all right. Are you going to work now?"

"Yes. Hand me my apron, will you, please?"

This gentleman, having fastened his apron securely, uncovered one

of the bodies, fixed an open book before him, using the head of his subject to lean it against, and, to Frank's utter astonishment, commenced slowly to open the arm of the body. In a few minutes other students arrived, with books under their arms, and, after robing themselves in their gowns, as the first had done, attacked the other bodies.

There sat the students, all busily engaged, either with knife in hand or referring from time to time to their books, enlivening their studies with pleasant, and even witty conversation. Almost unconsciously Ned and Frank were becoming interested in what was at first so revolting, and, as the work progressed, they watched every movement with keen interest. They

came out wiser than they went in, having seen, for the first time, some marvellous beauties.

Frank, while he appreciated the beauty of the mechanism of the body, and the importance of a thorough knowledge of its construction to those intending to become physicians, felt more than anything else that he had seen one more proof of the littleness of man, and the certainty of death.

He left the dissecting room in a thoughtful, serious mood.

Mr. Hood next carried the boys through the museum, and showed them many beautiful and wonderful things, pointing out, as opportunity offered, the vital and more important organs of the body.

Among other things, Frank saw,

for the first time, a human skeleton, the parts of which were fastened in the proper places, so that it stood upright, and seemed almost able to walk. He also looked into a little closet full of bones, which Mr. Hood said were laid away in order that the students, when they became graduates, might each have, for study, a human skeleton.

Having seen all the interesting and instructive articles in the museum, and other rooms of the college, bidding Mr. Hood farewell, the boys continued their walk.

"What old brick house is that on the corner, Ned?"

"We call that the First African Baptist Church. Years ago, the white people worshipped there, but when the new church was built, a

square higher up the street, this old one was given to the colored people.

"It is probably the largest church of the kind in this country, in numbers.

"I have heard that it has about two thousand members, who, of course, are all negroes.

"The pastor of the church is a colored man who was raised in Richmond."

As they went up Broad Street, they stopped a short while at the Monumental Church, a history of which Frank had already heard from Mr. Stevens.

"What church is this?" asked Frank, as they reached the top of the hill.

"The First Baptist," answered

Ned, "which was built by the people who used to worship in the old church we saw just now, and which the colored people now use.

"Just before us, you see, are two more churches, one on either side of the street· 'Methodist,' and 'Presbyterian.'

"Around the corner here is a 'Disciples'' church. You remember St. Paul's and St. Peter's are only a short distance ahead, so we have churches of six different denominations, all within a few steps of the Washington Monument."

As they passed up Broad Street, Ned pointed out an old house in which Chief Justice Marshall once lived. Frank remembered having seen Marshall's statue on the monument, and was very much interested

in looking at the home of the great Judge.

"The street next to this, on which that house stands," said Ned, "was named 'Marshall,' in honor of the Judge.

"Let's go this way, Frank, and see St. Paul's Church as we go. You know President Davis used to attend service there regularly during the war, and, besides, it is the handsomest church in the city."

"Ned, what little house is that behind St. Paul's Church, which looks something like a miniature of it?"

"Why, a man mends umbrellas there, now, but it was built by Bushrod Washington, a nephew of George Washington, for a law office. Bushrod Washington was an eminent

lawyer, and was one of the justices of the Supreme Court.

"Suppose we now go to see the Petersburg Bridge?"

"Very well," says Frank; "lead the way."

Soon the boys stood at the end of the bridge, admiring the scenery of the river and islands, and talking furiously.

"When was this bridge built, Ned?"

"Since the war. The old bridge was burnt when the city was evacuated.

"Down on that island there was a large cartridge manufactory, in which a large number of females were employed by the Government.

"One day, during the war, the powder, which one of the hands had

piled up before him on his work-bench, ignited, and a terrible explosion followed.

"Several persons were killed, and a number of the girls and women were horribly burned."

"What old walls are these?"

"They are the walls of the old Franklin Paper Mill."

"Where does this curved branch of the railroad lead to?"

"That is the 'Connection Road,' which connects the Richmond and Petersburg with the Fredericksburg Railroad. It passes through a tunnel under Gamble's Hill. Would you like to go and see the tunnel, and take a view from the hill? Come on.

"Those large buildings below us, near the river, are tobacco factories.

If you get a chance, you had better go in one, and see the process of manufacturing tobacco."

They crossed the bridge over the canal at the Armory, and soon mounted the hill, from which they had quite an extensive view. The Capitol, the Monument, and the church spires rose up above everything in the city. The lower part of the city, and the wharves lined with vessels, the bridges, and the falls of the river, all lay out before them, visible at a distance. Here, too, they had a good view of Manchester, with its large mills.

"There," said Ned, "is the Penitentiary, where criminals from all parts of the State are confined. It is called, in fun, the 'White House.'"

"Are there any prisoners there, now?"

"Oh, yes; so many, that the place is thought to be too small. I suppose there are five or six hundred prisoners there."

Next the boys went to the tunnel under the hill, and, by permission of the watchman, walked through it, much to Frank's delight.

They then went up to the Penitentiary, and, fortunately, found a party of ladies and gentlemen waiting to be shown through the Institution, who, noticing their desire to see, asked the superintendent to allow the boys to accompany them. He readily consented, and, under the guidance of one of the guards, the party went into the inner enclosure.

Some of the prisoners were drawing water from the well and carrying it to the cells, others splitting and sawing wood, while many sat about reading, and otherwise amusing themselves.

In the workshops all were hard at work. In one shop they were making wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, brooms, etc., and in another shoes. Many men go to the Penitentiary, having no knowledge of a trade by which to make a living, and come away good mechanics, able and willing to earn, instead of stealing their bread.

Frank sincerely pitied the poor prisoners, and would gladly have spoken some word of sympathy as he passed them, but he felt, somewhat, the novelty of his first

prison visit, and could not raise the courage necessary to open a conversation with one of them.

The guard who accompanied the party explained the apparent freedom of the prisoners. Said he, "We find it better to employ the men than to keep them closely confined. If they are shut up they become melancholy and hardened, and do not improve at all. But if given proper employment for mind and body they keep cheerful and healthy, learn how pleasant labor is, and commence here in the prison the life of honest labor for which they are sent here to prepare."

By the time they had completed the rounds it was growing dark, and Ned thought best to start

home, so, having thanked the guard for his kindness, and said good evening to the gentlemen and ladies, they turned their faces homeward.

Frank, having gotten permission from his aunt to do so, spent the evening with his friend.

After tea they spent several hours very pleasantly together, talking over what they had seen during the day, and making plans for other excursions.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Frank hurried home and gave his aunt a full, and quite an interesting account of his tramp with Ned.

VI.

OCTOBER had come. The falling leaves were preaching decay and death.

The weather was still pleasant, but at night the air was chilly, and made it pleasant and cozy indoors. As Frank was soon to leave for home, Mr. Stevens and his family were gathered in the sitting-room to enjoy, as it were, a farewell talk with him.

Frank opened the conversation with "Uncle, how much of Richmond was burned at the time of the evacuation?"

"Nearly all that portion of the

city in which the wholesale and principal retail stores were located. On Main Street the fire extended from Eighth to Fourteenth Streets. On Cary Street from Ninth to Fifteenth Street. Between Cary Street and the river nearly everything was burned, from Fifteenth Street up to Seventh. Besides many buildings away up near the Armory, and several blocks on Franklin and Bank Streets near the Capitol Square."

"Well, uncle, how did the fire commence? Was it intended?"

"No, the Government buildings containing provisions and clothing, the tobacco warehouses, and the laboratories for the manufacture of ammunition were fired to prevent their contents from falling into the

hands of the Federal Army, and from these the fire extended to other buildings, and, continuing to spread, became unmanageable.

"No one, probably, intended to burn the city, though some wished to do so.

"Those who were in the city say the explosion of shells and other ammunition in the laboratories was constant and terrific."

"What stopped the fire, uncle?"

"When the troops marched into the city, and saw that it was in danger of being destroyed, they at once went to work, assisted by the negroes and citizens, to subdue the flames. The exertions of the soldiers and citizens, and probably a fortunate change in the direction of the wind, kept the fire in bounds,

and saved the greater portion of the city."

"Was Richmond ever burned before, uncle?"

"Yes, a long, long time ago. In the year 1781 the traitor Arnold attacked the town and burned the public, and some private, buildings."

"Was there no one to oppose the British troops?"

"Only about two hundred militia. The force of Arnold numbered eight hundred or one thousand men.

"Before the enemy arrived at the town, several citizens waited on Governor Jefferson, and tendered an offer from Arnold to spare the town provided he was allowed to bring his vessels to the wharf and carry away all the tobacco stored

there. This offer the Governor indignantly refused.

"Of course when the large British force advanced, there was but one course to be pursued. The militia withdrew from the town and left it in the hands of the invader.

"The lady who lived in the old Stone House, which you have had pointed out to you, saw the British troops gallop down the hill. One of the British officers quartered in her house."

"Is Richmond a very old place, uncle?"

"Not so old as some other towns, but old enough. In the year 1609, a man named West was sent from Jamestown up to the Falls to procure food and found only acorns.

"In 1644 the Assembly of Vir-

ginia ordered a fort to be built at the falls of the James River, and called it 'fforte Charles.'"

"Richmond was made a town by law, in May, 1742, during the reign of George III. In May, 1779, an Act was passed, removing the Capital from Williamsburg to Richmond. At the time this change was made, Richmond was scarcely worthy of the name of city. Paulding describes the inhabitants as 'a race of most ancient and respectable planters, having estates in the country, who chose it for their residence for the sake of social enjoyment. They formed a society now seldom to be met with in any of our cities. A society of people not exclusively monopolized by money-making pursuits, but of liberal education, liberal

habits of thinking and acting, and possessing both leisure and inclination to cultivate those feelings, and pursue those objects which exalt our nature rather than increase our fortune.' Richmond became a city in 1782."

"Uncle, why did any one ever settle in Manchester, when Richmond was so much the prettiest place?"

"Probably the water power attracted those who wished to build mills, the mills attracted the merchants, and so the town grew. Most of the large merchants resided and did business in Manchester. At one time it was thought that Manchester would rival Richmond. Patrick Henry saved Richmond. When the engineers reported that the best

route for the canal was on the south side of the river, and that it would enter Manchester, the wealthy merchants there became alarmed, lest such an improvement should attract too many merchants, divide the trade, and so lessen their profits.

"They accordingly employed Patrick Henry to oppose the south side route, and advocate the north side as the best route, and Richmond as the best terminus.

"Patrick Henry succeeded, the canal was built on the Richmond side, and from that time Manchester grew less important as compared with Richmond.

"Many Manchester merchants moved to Richmond to be near and enjoy the benefits which all expected from the canal."

"Why did they expect so much from the canal?"

"There were no railroads, you know, up to that time, and the only method of transportation was by wagons.

"The country people brought their produce to market in immense wagons, drawn by six and sometimes more horses, ornamented with strings of jingling bells. There were several vacant lots about the city on which these people camped, cooking the provisions they brought with them, and sleeping under their wagon covers. Now, they send their produce by the freight train, bring themselves in the elegant coaches of the 'Mail,' and stop at the fine hotels."

Mr. Stevens had just finished

speaking when a neighbor stepped into the room, greeted them, and asked if they had heard the sad news.

"Sad news," said Mr. Stevens; "what has happened?"

"Yes, sad indeed. I have just read on the bulletin board that General Lee is dead!"

At this announcement all were silent.

Presently Mr. Stevens asked if there were any particulars.

"Only a brief telegram. I will read it as I copied it from the bulletin board:

"'LEXINGTON, Oct. 12th, 10 A.M.

,"*Editors of the Dispatch:*

"'General Lee died this morning at half-past nine o'clock. He began to grow worse

on Monday, and continued to sink, until he breathed his last this morning.

"'He died, as he lived, calmly and quietly, and in the full assurance of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"'The places of business are all closed, the bells are tolling, and the whole community thrown into the deepest grief.'"

Words could not express the sorrow of Mr. Stevens. He now began to realize that his dear chieftain was no more.

Unfit for further conversation, he retired to his room.

Frank, too, was deeply moved, and, after vainly trying to rid himself of the oppression he felt, went to his room and gave himself up to sleep.

Mrs. Stevens and her daughter having seen their neighbor to the

door, followed his example, and soon the house was in darkness.

Mr. Stevens was up early in the morning, waiting the coming of the carrier, who had scarcely dropped the paper, when Mr. Stevens seized it.

He soon read enough to convince him that the sad news of the evening before was all too true.

After the usual morning devotions, all the family being gathered about him, he read from the *Dispatch*, as follows:

"Robert Edward Lee was born at Stratford, January 19th, 1807.

"His family has been distinguished in Virginia for two hundred years. Two of his grand-uncles were signers of the Declaration of Independence. His father was the famous 'Light Horse Harry' of revolu-

R. E. LEE.

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tionary fame, who served in the Federal Congress, and as Governor of Virginia. Robert E. Lee was of the issue of a second marriage, the second son of Henry Lee and his wife Anne, daughter of Charles Carter, of Shirley. As, however, he borrows no greatness from his ancestry, but was himself the 'greatest of a great line,' we shall say no more as to his family.

"Robert E. Lee entered West Point Academy in 1825, and graduated at the end of the usual term without having had a demerit mark. In 1829, he was appointed brevet second lieutenant, and assigned to the corps of topographical engineers. He served for several years in this corps. In 1832, he was married to Miss Custis, the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington. In 1836, he was made first lieutenant, and in 1838, captain. During the Mexican war he was on the staff, first of General Wool and then General Scott, as chief engineer. At the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 18, 1847, he was brevetted major for gallantry. At

Chapultepec he was wounded, September 13, 1847, and was brevetted lieutenant-colonel.

"General Scott repeatedly spoke of him in his despatches as remarkable for his gallantry. Colonel Lee was next appointed a member of the Board of Engineers. In 1852, he became superintendent of West Point Academy. In 1855, he was assigned to service in a cavalry regiment, which took him to the West. In 1859, he was sent to Harper's Ferry to put down the John Brown raid. March 16, 1861, he was made colonel of cavalry in the United States army. His resignation of his office in that army was dated April 20, 1861.

"Early in 1861, the Convention of Virginia selected General Lee as commander-in-chief of the forces of this State, her fortunes not having at the time been formally united with those of her Southern sisters. When the State joined the Confederacy he became a Confederate officer. After the defeat of General Garnett by McClellan, and his subsequent death, General Lee was

sent to Northwest Virginia. He was recalled by Mr. Davis, and, on account of his great skill as an engineer, he was sent to examine the defences on the Atlantic coast. In May, 1862, McClellan marched up the peninsula of Virginia, and the battle of Seven Pines, in which General Joseph E. Johnston was wounded, having been fought a few miles below Richmond, General Lee was put in command of the Confederate forces.

"Soon followed the great battles before Richmond, from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill, in which General Lee's name became famous the world over. From this time forth the hopes of the people of the South were centred in General Lee. The whole army was placed in his hands. He it was that ordered all its movements, and was entitled to the credit for the strategy employed. He ordered the movements which resulted in the famous battles of the following August; Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, &c. On the 3d of September, his army crossed the Potomac, and on the 17th was fought the

grand battle of Sharpsburg. General Lee always claimed this as a victory.

"On the 13th of December, 1862, occurred the battle of Fredericksburg, one of the most complete successes of the war. In 1863, May 2d, the battle of the Wilderness was fought. The success here, too, was complete, but Jackson fell. Here, too, General Lee showed the greatness of his heart in that celebrated letter to the dying chieftain, in which he said that for his country's sake he could wish it had been himself instead of Jackson that had been wounded. On the 4th of May, the battle was renewed, and resulted in the defeat of the Federal army, and its retreat. This was called the battle of Chancellorsville.

"General Lee again marched Northwards. He went into Pennsylvania with his little army, and there, on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863, fought the bloody battles which, though rather drawn battles than victories for either side, much more seriously damaged that army whose losses could not be repaired.

"And, as his nobility of soul was shown at the 'Wilderness,' in the hour of victory, in assigning to Stonewall Jackson the credit for success, so here it was equally shown, in taking upon himself the blame for his want of success at Gettysburg.

In May, 1864, occurred the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court-house, &c., &c. General Grant was constantly repulsed, but as constantly renewed his flank movement, until he landed upon the banks of the James. There were many battles, of more or less importance, during 1864, and the beginning of 1865. April 2d, 1865, occurred the evacuation of Richmond, and began the retreat of General Lee's army from Petersburg. April 9, he surrendered a skeleton of an army to overwhelming numbers. And thus ended his military career.

"On the 28th of September, 1865, General Lee was made President of Washington College. His name and fame soon made that a popular institution. He continued to hold the position until his death.

"And now what shall we say of this peer-

less man? Language fails us. Of him, as truly as of that other illustrious one whom he so much resembled, might it be said: 'He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' He was a true hero. There was nothing common about him. As noble in soul as he was perfect in physique, he was one of those grand characters in which all the elements combine 'to give the world assurance of a man.'"

The 13th of October, 1870, was a day of mourning in Richmond, and the busiest streets were almost deserted.

After ten o'clock in the morning nearly all the stores on Main, Broad, and Cary Streets were closed, and upon the doors appeared badges of mourning, accompanied usually by the simple inscription: "Closed in consequence of the death of General

Robert E. Lee." A photograph of the departed hero draped in crape frequently accompanied the card, and in many windows were to be seen faithful portraits handsomely framed and hung with black. Many private residences also were draped with mourning emblems, intertwined with wreaths of laurel and cypress.

The public offices of the State Government were closed all day, and the bells at the Capitol Square bell house, and the police stations, were tolled from sunrise until sunset. The United States and Virginia flags on the Capitol were displayed at half-mast, and the same token of grief was made by the shipping in the harbor. The whole community was prostrate beneath the dispensa-

tion of Providence, so painful, but so hard to realize.

During the day Frank and his uncle walked from place to place, hoping to hear that General Lee's remains would be brought to Richmond for interment.

They soon learned that it had been determined to deposit the remains in a vault under the chapel at Washington College. Returning home, they spent the remainder of the day poring over the papers, which were crowded with eulogies of the fallen hero.

Mr. Stevens selected and read from the papers before him such articles as he thought most appropriate. Again referring to the columns of the *Dispatch*, he read as follows:

"Your correspondent has taken especial pains to obtain from his physicians (Drs. Barton and Madison) a full and accurate statement of General Lee's illness and death. The remote and real cause was the long continuance of depressing influences incident to the crushing responsibilities which were upon him during the last year of the war, the disastrous termination of the struggle for the cause he so dearly loved, and the afflictions of his native South since the surrender.

"As he saw his little army gradually melt away before the countless hosts opposed to them, and compelled to yield at last to overwhelming numbers and resources; as he witnessed the sufferings of his 'poor boys,' as he was accustomed to call them, and thought of the condition of their families and of the South; as his mails have been every day since flooded with most piteous letters from maimed soldiers or from the widows and orphans of the noble men who followed him, he has borne a calm exterior, and struggled for the good of his

State and the South with a heroism surpassing any which he ever displayed on the field of battle. But the very fibres of his great heart have been gradually wearing away until they have at last broken and the vital spark has fled. Both of his eminent physicians concur in the opinion that General Lee has died rather from moral than physical causes; that his physical development was well nigh perfect, and that there was no merely physical reason why he might not have lived for years to come. The immediate cause of his death was, in the opinion of his physicians, 'mental and physical fatigue, inducing venous congestion of the brain, which, however, never proceeded as far as apoplexy or paralysis, but gradually caused cerebral exhaustion and death.'

"On Wednesday, September 28th, he was more than usually busy. After attending chapel service, as he always did, he spent the whole morning attending to various matters connected with the interests of the college. At four o'clock P.M., he went to a meeting of the vestry of his church, over

which he presided. Matters of great importance to the interests of the church were under consideration, and the meeting was protracted for three hours. Returning home just in time for tea, he was sitting at the table with his family, when he was suddenly attacked, and became apparently speechless and incapable of motion. The next morning he rallied, and, as there were no decisive indications of paralysis or apoplexy, it was hoped that the attack would prove nothing more serious than a temporary nervous prostration. All of the indications seemed favorable to his recovery until last Monday. He spoke but little, and that only in answer to questions concerning his physical condition. But this showed that he had recovered the power of speech. His intellect seemed entirely clear, and he gave most unmistakable evidences that, while he lay for the most part in a stupor, he was, when aroused, entirely conscious. He seemed so much better on Saturday, that Dr. Madison playfully said to him: 'General, you must make haste and get up from this bed.

"Traveller" is getting lazy, and you must make haste and give him the exercise he needs.' The General fixed his eyes steadily upon him and shook his head very emphatically, as if to indicate that he did not expect to ride 'Traveller' again.

"On Monday he became suddenly worse, and despite the best efforts of as fine medical skill as the country affords, and the fervent prayers of anxious hearts, he gradually sunk until yesterday morning at half-past nine o'clock, when he breathed his last.

"The nature of his illness was such that there was no opportunity for protracted conversation with him, and he uttered no word which can be seized on for sensational reports of his last hours. He was stricken at the post of duty. He fell with the harness on, and his calm, quiet death is a fit termination of his noble life. We need no 'last words' of Robert E. Lee. His deeds belong to history, while his life of devoted, unostentatious piety, and his firm and living trust in Jesus as his personal Redeemer,

give unmistakable evidence that he now wears a crown of fadeless glory, and has indeed entered upon that 'Rest that remaineth for the people of God.'"

"Another correspondent states, that

"'During the early part of his sickness he slept much and spoke but little. He was rational when awake, and always recognized those who approached him. At times his mind seemed for a little while to wander, and on several occasions reverted to the army. He once ordered his tent to be struck, and at another time desired that 'Hill should be sent for.'"

"Here is a good article from the *Norfolk Virginian*. I will read it:

"'Virginia has been enriched with the graves of heroes, but there is one now open which is wider, and deeper, and more

mournful to look down in than any of them all.

"'The last of the Cavaliers is dead! and the announcement of the death of Robert E. Lee will be hailed by two hemispheres with emotions of unaffected sorrow; but nowhere will his loss be mourned with such profound grief as in this State, whose history he has adorned with its most epic passages.

"'Descended from a knightly race, whose names shine out like stars in English history from the Norman invasion and the Crusades down, with his ancestral banners hanging in St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle, and possessed of noble traditions, he was a peerless gentleman and a splendid soldier.

"'As the grand central figure in the late war, he displayed a fertility of genius and a steadiness of courage which made him the solitary column that so long upheld the tottering fortunes of the Confederacy.

"'It was not, however, in the splendor

of his military achievements that he won his place in the popular heart.

"'The old world and the new applauded his splendid operations at the head of his ragged veterans; but it was reserved for him to present the sublime spectacle of vanquishing defeat. Herein it was that his colossal greatness was first made thoroughly manifest to the world, and, grand as were his performances upon the field of battle, a just conception of his character pronounces him more entirely great in misfortune than in success.

"'His virtues in their noble completeness and Christian perfection were only known in all their affluence, when sheathing his sword he retired to the cloisters of Washington College, and devoted himself to the service of his State in a novel and arduous profession.

"'Then it was that we understood fully his rare unselfishness, his knightly modesty, his unaffected patriotism, his Christian fortitude and sublime patience, "never weary of well-doing;" then it was, oh, country-

men! that our devotion to the Great Captain deepened into a tender love and unspeakable homage for the great man. And now that he has gone "beyond the river" to join his favorite lieutenant, we are sore at heart and rebel against the dispensation of the Almighty. But we must school ourselves to bear the affliction, and remember that he has gone where he will enter into the joys of his Lord, leaving us a fame which irradiates the whole land with its supernal glories, which will shine on, and on, and on, till the heavens are rolled up like a scroll, and the Historic Muse writes *Finis* at the end of time with a pen of fire.'"

The next day, there being no business to attend to, and no disposition to attend to any, Mr. Stevens staid at home, and, gathering his family around him, continued to read to them the many deeply interesting articles suggested by the death of Lee.

Said he: "There are articles in this paper taken from the Northern papers, which are very gratifying. I had feared that some of the papers of the North would even dare to speak evil of Lee.

"As I cannot read all, however, I will only read what has been written by those who knew him best.

"General Breckenridge, speaking to the people of Louisville, Kentucky, said:

"'I can convey no better idea of the impression he made upon me than to say that he inspired me with an ardent love for his person, and a profound veneration for his character. O, my friends, it was so massive, noble, and grand in its proportions, that the most heroic might be proud to bear it; yet so gentle and tender that a woman might claim and adopt it for her own.'

"General Preston, on the same occasion, on closing his address, said:

"'When I last saw him the raven hair had turned white. In a small village church his reverent head was bowed in prayer. The humblest step was that of Robert E. Lee, as he entered the portals of the temple erected to God. In broken response he answered to the services of the Church. Noble, sincere, and humble in his religion, he showed forth his true character in laying aside his sword to educate the youth of his country. Never did he appear more noble than at that time. He is now gone, and rests in peace, and has crossed that mysterious stream that Stonewall Jackson saw with inspired eyes when he asked that he might be permitted to take his troops across the river, and forever rest beneath the shadow of the trees.'

"I find it very difficult," said Mr. Stevens, "to discriminate. There

are so many beautiful articles I wish to read.

"However, I will read some short extracts, that we may enjoy them together, and read more fully when I have leisure. Please remember, my daughter, to be very careful with all these papers, and preserve them for me.

"Here is an extract from a speech made by one of General Lee's former staff:

"'We recall him as he appeared in the hour of victory, grand, imposing, awe-inspiring, yet self-forgetful, and humble. We recall the great scenes of his triumph, when we hailed him victor on many a bloody field, and when, above the pæans of victory, we listened with reverence to his voice as he ascribed "all glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are." We remember that grand magnanimity that never stooped

to pluck those meaner things that grow nearest the earth upon the tree of victory, but which, with eyes turned to the stars, and hands raised towards heaven, gathered the golden fruits of mercy, pity, and holy charity, that ripen on its topmost boughs beneath the approving smile of the great God of battles.

"'We remember the sublime self-abnegation of Chancellorsville, when, in the midst of his victorious legions, who, with the light of battle yet on their faces, hailed him conqueror, he thought only of his great lieutenant lying wounded on the field, and transferred to him all the honor of that illustrious day.

"'I will be pardoned, I am sure, for referring to an incident which affords to my mind a most striking illustration of one of the grandest features of his character.

"'On the morning of May 3d, 1863, as many of you will remember, the final assault was made upon the Federal lines at Chancellorsville.

"'General Lee accompanied the troops

in person, and, as they emerged from the fierce combat they had waged in "the depths of that tangled wilderness," driving the superior forces of the enemy before them across the open ground, he rode into their midst. The scene is one that can never be effaced from the minds of those who witnessed it. The troops were pressing forward with all the ardor and enthusiasm of combat. The white smoke of musketry fringed the front of the line of battle, while the artillery on the hills in the rear of the infantry shook the earth with its thunder, and filled the air with the wild shrieks of the shells that plunged into the masses of the retreating foe. To add greater horror and sublimity to the scene, the Chancellorsville House, and the woods surrounding it, were wrapped in flames. In the midst of this awful scene, General Lee, mounted upon that horse which we all remember so well, rode to the front of his advancing battalions. His presence was the signal for one of those uncontrollable outbursts of enthusiasm which none can appreciate who have not witnessed them.

"'The fierce soldiers, with their faces blackened with the smoke of battle, the wounded crawling with feeble limbs from the fury of the devouring flames, all seemed possessed with a common impulse. One long, unbroken cheer, in which the feeble cry of those who lay helpless on the earth blended with the strong voices of those who still fought, rose high above the roar of battle, and hailed the presence of the victorious chief. He sat in the full realization of all that soldiers dream of—triumph; and as I looked upon him in the complete fruition of the success which his genius, courage, and confidence in his army had won, I thought that it must have been from some such scene that men in ancient days ascended to the dignity of the gods.

"'There is one other incident to which I beg permission to refer, that I may perfect the picture. On the 3d day of July, 1863, the last assault of the Confederate troops upon the heights of Gettysburg failed, and again General Lee was among his baffled and shattreed battalions as they sullenly

retired from their brave attempt. The history of that battle is yet to be written, and the responsibility for the result is yet to be fixed. But there, with the painful consciousness that his plans had been frustrated by others, and that defeat and humiliation had overtaken his army, in the presence of his troops he openly assumed the entire responsibility of the campaign and of the last battle. One word from him would have relieved him of this responsibility, but that word he refused to utter, until it could be spoken without fear of doing the least injustice.

"'Thus, my fellow-soldiers, I have presented to you our great commander in the supreme moments of triumph and defeat. I cannot more strongly illustrate his character. Has it been surpassed in history? Is there another instance of such self-abnegation among men? The man rose high above victory in the one instance, and, harder still, the man rose superior to disaster in the other. It was such incidents as these that gave General Lee the abso-

lute and undoubting confidence and affection of his soldiers.

"'His first care was for the wounded of both armies, and he was among the foremost at the burning mansion, where some of them lay. But, at that moment, when the transports of his victorious troops were drowning the roar of battle with acclamations, a note was brought to him from General Jackson. It was brought to General Lee as he sat on his horse near the Chancellorsville House, and, unable to open it with his gauntleted hand, he passed it to me, with directions to read it to him. The note made no mention of the wound that General Jackson had received, but congratulated General Lee upon the great victory.

"'I shall never forget the look of pain and anguish that passed over his face as he listened. With a voice broken with emotion, he bade me say to General Jackson that the victory was his, and that the congratulations were due to him. I know not how others may regard this incident, but,

for myself, as I gave expression to the thoughts of his exalted mind, I forgot the genius that won the day, in my reverence for the generosity that refused its glory.'"

"General Gordon, speaking of General Lee at Appomattox, says:

"'Can I ever forget? No, never can I forget the words which fell from his lips as I rode beside him amidst the defeated, dejected, and weeping soldiery, when, turning to me, he said: "I could wish that I was numbered among the fallen in the last battle.'"

"General Wade Hampton, in a speech delivered at Columbia, S. C., said:

"'Now that he is fallen, I may mention what I have never spoken of before, to show you not only what were the feelings that actuated him in the duty to which his beloved countrymen called him, but what noble sentiments inspired him, when he

saw the cause for which he had been fighting so long about to perish. Just before the surrender, after a night devoted to the most arduous duties, as one of his staff came in to see him in the morning, he found him worn and weary and disheartened, and the General said to him: "How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the line, and all will be over. But," said he—and there spoke the true Christian patriot—"it is our duty to *live*, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to protect them.'"

On the morning of the 16th, Mr. Stevens read to his family the following account of the funeral at Lexington, Va.:

"This is a bright and beautiful day, in sad contrast to the feelings of our stricken people, but fit emblem of the eternal sunlight in which the pure spirit of our noble chieftain now basks.

"At early dawn delegations from Staunton and the surrounding country began to arrive, and, up to twelve o'clock, the people continued to pour in, until there was, despite the fact that the washing away of the bridges cut off many of the people who would most gladly have been here, the largest crowd ever assembled in Lexington. All classes came to do honor to our beloved and lost hero. His old soldiers, who followed him so cheerfully in the darkest hours of the Confederate struggle; the professors of the college, who he ever treated with such marked consideration; the students, to whom he was in every sense a loving father and an unexampled guide; the Faculty and corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, in whose welfare and success he ever manifested so lively an interest; the sovereign representatives of his native, loved Virginia; the citizens of the town and country whom he honored with his last days; in fact, every class, young and old, rich and poor, white and black, turned out to do him honor, for he

was the friend of all. With a punctuality which would have been pleasant to the great hero if living, the following was observed as the order of the procession :

"Music.
"Escort of Honor, consisting of Officers
"and Soldiers of the Confederate
"Army.
"Chaplain and other Clergy.
"Hearse and Pall-Bearers.
"General Lee's Horse.
"The Attending Physicians.
"Trustees and Faculty of Washington
"College.
"Dignitaries of the State of Virginia.
"Visitors and Faculty of Virginia Military
"Institute.
"Other Representative Bodies and
"Distinguished Visitors.
"Alumni of Washington College.
"Citizens.
"Cadets Virginia Military Institute.
"Students Washington College as Guard
"of Honor.

"At ten o'clock precisely, the procession was formed on the college grounds, in front of the President's house, and moved down Washington Street, up Jefferson Street to the Franklin Hall, thence to Main Street, where it was joined in front of the hotel by the representatives of the State of Virginia and other representative bodies in their order, and by the organized body of the citizens in front of the court-house.

"The procession then moved by the road to the Virginia Military Institute, where it was joined by the visitors, Faculty, and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, in their respective places. The procession was closed by the students of Washington College as a guard of honor, and then moved up through the Institute and college grounds to the chapel.

"The procession was halted in front of the chapel, when the cadets of the Institute and the students of Washington College were marched through the college chapel past the remains, and were afterwards drawn up in two bodies on the south side of the

chapel. The remainder of the procession then proceeded into the chapel, and were seated under the direction of the marshals. The gallery and side blocks were reserved for ladies.

"As the procession moved off to a solemn dirge by the Institute band, the bells of the town began to toll, and the Institute battery fired minute guns, which were kept up during the whole exercises.

"In front of the National Hotel the procession was joined by the committee of the Legislature, consisting of Colonel W. H. Taylor, Colonel E. D. Pendleton, W. L. Riddick, Major Kelley, George Walker, S. S. Turner, H. Bowen, T. O. Jackson, and Marshall Hanger.

"General B. T. Johnston was in command of the soldier guard of honor, aided by colonel J. K. Edmundson, Colonel R. L. Maury, and Major J. B. Dorman. Captain J. J. White, Professor in the College, was chief marshal.

"It was remarked that the different classes who joined in the procession mingled

into each other, and that among the Boards of the College and the Institute, the Faculties, the students and cadets, the Legislative committee, the delegations, and even the clergy, were many who might with equal propriety have joined the soldier guard of honor, for they, too, had followed the standard of Lee in the days that tried men's souls.

"Along the streets the buildings were all appropriately draped, and crowds gathered on the corners and in the balconies to see the procession pass. Not a flag floated above the procession, and nothing was seen that looked like an attempt at display. The old soldiers wore their ordinary citizen's dress, with a simple black ribbon in the lappel of their coats, and "Traveller," led by two old soldiers, who had the simple trappings of mourning.

"The Virginia Military Institute was very beautifully draped, and from its turrets hung at half-mast, and draped in mourning, the flags of all the States of the late Southern Confederacy.

"The family, appropriately joined by Drs. Barton and Madison, the attending physicians, and Colonels W. H. Taylor and C. S. Venable, members of General Lee's staff during the war, occupied seats immediately in front of the pulpit, and the clergy, of whom a number were present, Faculty of the College, and Faculty of the Institute, had places on the platform.

"The coffin was literally covered with flowers and evergreens, while the front of the drapery thrown over it was decorated with crosses of evergreen and immortelles.

"Rev. Dr. Pendleton, the long intimate personal friend of General Lee, his chief of artillery during the war, and his pastor the past five years, read the beautiful burial services of the Episcopal Church. No sermon was preached, and nothing said besides the simple service, in accordance with the known wishes of General Lee.

"After the funeral services were concluded in the chapel, the body was removed to the vault prepared for its reception, and the concluding services read by the chaplain

from the bank on the southern side of the chapel, in front of the vault.

"There was sung in the chapel the 124th hymn of the Episcopal collection; and, after the coffin was lowered into the vault, the congregation sang with fine effect the grand old hymn:

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.'

"The vault is constructed of brick, lined with cement. The top just reaches the floor of the library, and will be double-capped with white marble, on which is the simple inscription:

"ROBERT EDWARD LEE,
"BORN JANUARY 19TH, 1807.
"DIED OCTOBER 12th, 1870.

"After the funeral the soldiers were marched to the court-house, and there unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

"*Resolved, by the officers and soldiers of the former Confederate army, now assembled,*

That we have followed the body of our beloved General to the tomb with inexpressible sorrow; the last sad rites are over, and, as we venerated and loved him in life, we ardently desire to guard his sacred dust. Here, at the home of his adoption, in the edifice reared by himself, and dedicated to the service and worship of his God, may his remains be permitted to sleep until the awakening which shall clothe them in robes of immortality.

"*Resolved*, That, with the utmost deference for their feelings and wishes, we ask leave to present to Mrs. Lee and her family this expression of our anxious desire that, to us and his neighbors and friends, and the authorities of his college, may be granted the favor and honor of preserving and watching his sepulchre.

"*Resolved*, That the secretary of the meeting communicate copies of these and our former resolutions to Mrs. Lee.

"And thus have ended the funeral obsequies of the foremost man in all the earth."

During the day Frank was busy preparing for his departure the next morning. He had suffered, in common with all, the grief of the past few days, but felt that he had enjoyed a great privilege in having been in Richmond, at a time when so many interesting and important events were occurring.

In the evening all gathered once more for the talk which was before so suddenly interrupted.

"Uncle," said Frank, "will you please read this little poem which I cut from a paper to-day? You read se well, I want you to read it for us all. It is by Rev. A. J. Ryan."

"With pleasure," said Mr. Stevens, and read:

"Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright
Flashed the sword of Lee;

Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

"Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong—
Gleamed the sword of Lee!

"Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led, they would dare
To follow and to die.

"Out of its scabbard, never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!"

"I intend," said Frank, "to attach that little poem to a photograph of Lee, which I purchased to-day, and

the two will be very precious to me."

"Now," said Mrs. Stevens, "oblige me by reading this extract from the *London Standard*, that the children may know something of how the people in the Old World speak of Lee."

Mr. Stevens read:

"The announcement that General R. E. Lee has been struck down by paralysis, and not expected to recover, will be received, even at this crisis, with universal interest, and will everywhere excite a sympathy and regret which testify to the deep impression made on the world at large by his character and achievements. Few are the generals who have earned, since history began, a greater military reputation; still fewer are the men of similar eminence, civil or military, whose personal qualities would bear comparison with his. The bitterest enemies of his country hardly dared to whisper a

word against the character of her most distinguished general, while neutrals regarded him with an admiration for his deeds and a respect for his lofty and unselfish nature which almost grew into veneration, and his own countrymen learned to look up to him with as much confidence and esteem as they ever felt for Washington, and with an affection which the cold demeanor and austere temper of Washington could never inspire. The death of such a man, even at a moment so exciting as the present, when all thoughts are absorbed by a nearer and present conflict, would be felt as a misfortune by all who still retain any recollection of the interest with which they followed the Virginian campaigns, and by thousands who have almost forgotten the names of Fredericksburgh, and Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spotsylvania. Truer greatness, a loftier nature, a spirit more unselfish, a character purer, more chivalrous, the world has rarely, if ever, known. Of stainless life, and deep religious feeling, yet free from all taint of cant and fanaticism, and as dear and con-

genial to the Cavalier Stuart as the Puritan Stonewall Jackson; unambitious, but ready to sacrifice all at the call of duty; devoted to his cause, yet never moved by his feelings beyond the line prescribed by his judgment; never provoked by just resentment to punish wanton cruelty by reprisals which would have given a character of needless savagery to the war—both North and South owe a deep debt of gratitude to him, and the time will come when both will be equally proud of him. And well they may, for his character and his life afford a complete answer to the reproaches commonly cast on money-grubbing, mechanical America. A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame; for the fatherlands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman, and Christian, than General Robert E. Lee."

"Well, Frank, you leave us in

the morning. Have you enjoyed your walks about Richmond?"

"Oh, very much, uncle; and I will never forget your kindness, in taking so much trouble to interest me."

"You have walked about a beautiful city," said Mr. Stevens. "Try to live so that you may some time walk the streets of that city 'which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; where there shall be no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'"

After further conversation, reading the scriptures, and engaging in

a short prayer, the family retired to rest; and, the next morning early, Frank, loaded with messages of love to his parents, took the train which was to bear him home, and soon Richmond was forgotten in thoughts of the pleasures which awaited him on his arrival there.

THE END.

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